



THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s. weekly 12 July 1961

THE
CHAMPAGNE
LOOK





By Appointment
To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Wine Merchants
John Harvey & Sons Ltd.
Bristol

THE TATLER 12 July 1961



PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN



The sherry and the ice bucket

Once upon a time, a young woman and her husband decided to give a party for their friends. When the day came, she made lots of the good things people like to eat at parties. Then she set out the glasses in sparkling rows, and, in pride of place, she put a big silver ice-bucket in which to cool the sherry.

The first guest to arrive was, of course, her mother,

who glanced around as mothers do, and exclaimed, "Darling, you should *never ever* put sherry on ice. Oh dear, what will people think?"

The young couple were wise in their generation. Actually, their friends thought the chilled dry sherry with its hint of hidden warmth was simply wonderful.

Moral: when the sherry is chilled, the party isn't.

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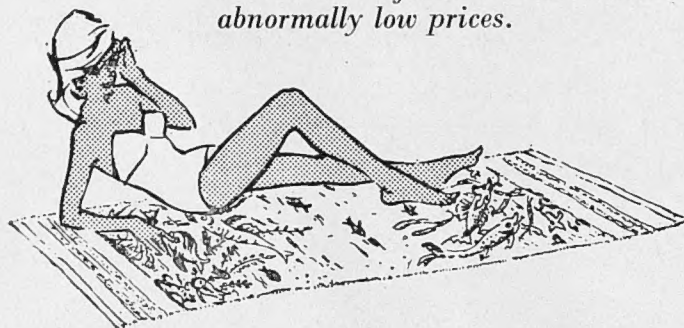


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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3124

12 JULY 1961

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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TUMULT IN THE NORTH

To Georgian overlords any sort of noise from north of Tweed spelled trouble—time to fortify the border keeps and call out the trained bands. Nowadays it's peaceful enough—apart from a little seasonal activity around Loch Ness—and the Highlands are so quiet that the clan chieftains can go travelling. Last week a good many of them went to Edinburgh to dine with the Queen and Prince Philip at Holyrood House. The chieftains are pretty scattered by the way—one of them came from as far afield as Chicago. Muriel Bowen was in Scotland to cover the Royal visit—she writes about the garden party at Holyrood and the regimental dinner at Stirling Castle that followed the Queen's presentation of colours to the 7th & 8th Battalions, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders on page 60. Other events with a Scottish flavour: the Clyde Yachting Fortnight on the Isle of Bute (page 64) and, in London, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and Mrs. M. Lindon's cocktail party (page 63) and Lord John Hope's one-man show at the Trafford Gallery (page 66). Down South Theo Goldrey has been visiting some leading London chefs with a view to kitchen espionage. A few of their secrets are revealed in *Plain cooking with a plus* (page 69). Also travelling was Hector Bolitho who attended the opening of the American Museum at Claverton Manor near Bath (see page 72). Next a touch of fantasy . . . Ernest Shepard, illustrator of Winnie the Pooh and Wind in the Willows, did the drawings that make the background to the children's clothes in *The enchanted wood* (page 76). Finally a new contributor: G. S. Fletcher begins this week a fortnightly series on *Roses & rose-growing* (see page 94).

The cover:



For white-hot days an ice-cool make-up with the sparkle of chilled champagne. Constituents: André Bernard's frothy hair caught up high with a ribbon. Coty make-up—Whistle Pink lips, Satin Pearl Instant Beauty foundation with matching Airspun powder. For more about summer looks see *The champagne girls* (page 86). TERENCE DONOVAN took the picture

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Surrey Union Hunt Ball, Ghyll Manor, Rusper (by permission of Mrs. Geoffrey Kitchen). 14 July. (Tickets: Mrs. O. A. Kelly, Jordan's Farm, Rusper, Horsham.)
Polo: Cowdray Gold Cup final, 17 July.

Abbeyfield Bridge Tournament, May Fair Hotel, 2-5.30 p.m., 17 July, in aid of the housing and social integration of the elderly. (Tickets: Mrs. Geoffrey Mansfield, Flat 2, 22 Elm Park Gdns., S.W.10.)

Peterborough Hound Show, 18-20 July.

Royal Garden Party, 20 July.

Household Brigade Regatta, Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, 22 July.

Game Fair, Weston Park, Shifnal, Shropshire, 9 a.m.-6.30 p.m., 21, 22 July.

International Horse Show, White City, 24-29 July.

RACE MEETINGS

Newmarket, Bath, Doncaster, today & 13; Ascot Heath, Hamilton Park, 14, 15; Chepstow, Ripon, Wolverhampton, 15; Folkestone, 17; Ayr, Leicester, 17, 18; Alexandra Park, 18; Catterick Bridge, Kempton Park, Lanark, 19, 20 July.

CRICKET

Club Cricket Conference v. Australians, Blackheath, 13 July; Nottinghamshire v. Australians, Trent Bridge, 15, 17, 18 July; Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's, 19-21 July.

GOLF

Open Championship, Royal Birkdale, Southport, to 14 July.

Amateur Scratch Competition for Gleneagles Hotel Tassie, Perthshire, today & 13 July.

Welsh Amateur Championship, Ashburnham, Carmarthenshire, 15-22 July.

Scottish Amateur Championship, Western Gailes, Ayrshire, 17-22 July.

YACHTING

Cowes-Dinard race, R.O.R.C., 14 July.

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix, Aintree, 15 July.

MUSICAL

Kirov Ballet, Covent Garden. End of season performances. *Swan Lake*, 12, 13 July; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 14, 15 July (also mat. 2 p.m. 15), 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Summer season of London's Festival Ballet. Gala performance and British première of *The Snow Maiden* (Tchaikovsky), 8 p.m., 17 July. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells, Ballet Rambert opens 18 July. (TER 1672/3.)

Country House Concert, The Vine, near Basingstoke, 16 July. (MAY 5091.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert, Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 15 July.

Celebrity Concert, Kenwood House. Hallé Chamber Ensemble. Cond. Sir John Barbirolli, 7.30 p.m., 16 July.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, to 14 July.

Festival of Poetry, Mermaid Theatre, 16-23 July. (CIT 7656.)

Hintlesham Summer Festival, Suffolk, 14-30 July. (Hintlesham 322.)

Haslemere Festival of early chamber music, 15-22 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 13 August.

Henry Moore carvings, Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, Old Bond St., to end of July.

Art in Roman Britain, Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, to 22 July.

Daumier paintings & drawings, Tate Gallery, to 30 July.

Architecture Today (six years of British architecture), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 29 July.

apparently checked its secret urge to wallow in saccharine... Put across with terrific verve. The music is sprightly and the scenery active." Marty Wilde, Chita Rivera, Peter Marshall, Angela Baddeley. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)



Weltschmerz over the mild-&-bitter. *An unusual view of the young through their own eyes is presented by the Granada TV play series "The Younger Generation," produced by Peter Wildeblood. Mary Miller & Ronald Lacey are seen here in Animals Can't Laugh, by Adrian Mitchell, third of the series of 11 plays, which will be seen at 9.35 p.m. on Friday*

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *Brecht In Rehearsal*, 13 July.

Sadler's Wells Theatre. *The Dark Hours*, 13 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 88.

Bye Bye Birdie. "... Vastly attractive—the American musical has

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 89.

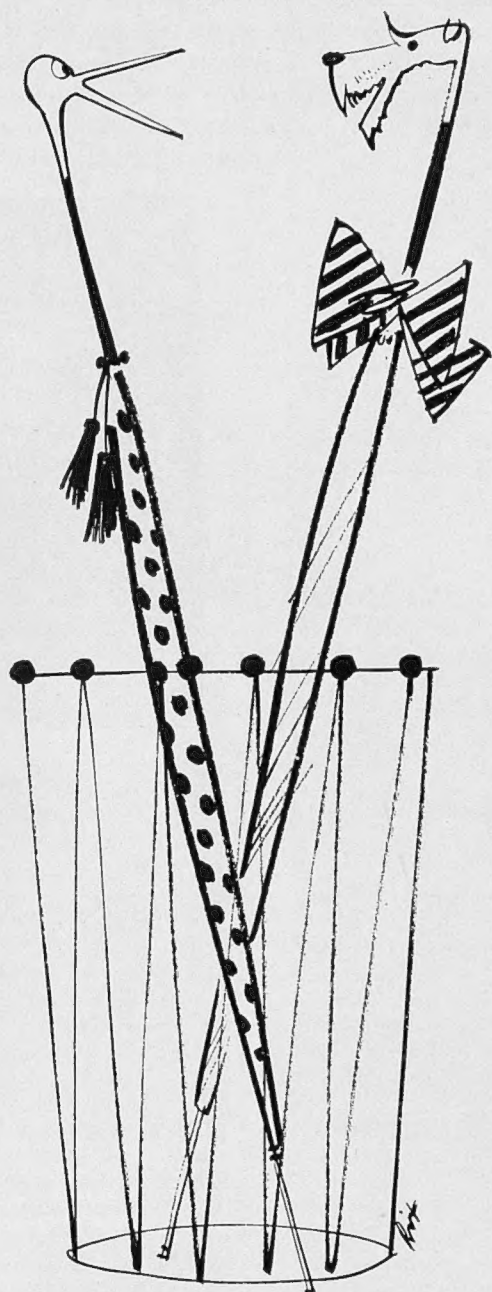
The Absent Minded Professor. "... Joyous comedy with a keen edge of satire. It is a splendidly hilarious picture in which a scientist invents a wonder substance possessing anti-gravitational energy." Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olsen. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

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but doesn't
everybody?"



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GOING PLACES LATE

A start at the fair

Douglas Sutherland

AS A GOOD STARTING-OFF POINT FOR GOING PLACES LATE ON THESE long summer evenings I recommend an hour or two spent at the **Battersea Pleasure Gardens**. Dining there the other evening with Brigadier Pert in the charming restaurant that overlooks the Fun Fair, he extolled the merits of such delightful instruments of torture as the Big Dipper and the Dive Bomber, and to my horror insisted on his dinner party trying his particular favourite, the Water Chute. At first it was Dutch courage on my part, but after the third death-defying dive through a water splash I was almost enjoying the experience. But then, too, Brigadier Pert—genial dictator of the Fun Fair—has a persuasive enthusiasm that almost induced me to sample even more hair-raising contraptions. The Harewood children are regular attenders, and even Prince Charles has arrived unannounced to try his hand at the motor boats. The Fair closes at 10.30 p.m. which leaves plenty of time to recover in one of the late-night restaurants or clubs on the safer side of the river.

A good place to do the recovering in is **Thirty One** room in Dover Street, a new late restaurant that seems to be hitting the jackpot after a varied history. Once the Dover Buttery and then Virginia's, it has always been a good restaurant without perhaps enjoying the success it deserved. Now proprietor Bob Gregory has handed over management to his son Barry who has introduced several improvements. Notable is an extra room at the back which has been turned into a bar with a pleasant club-like atmosphere. Keith Sawbridge, who must have one of the most solid followings around the West End, plays the piano every night in the musicians' gallery above the restaurant—an excellent arrangement as it enables one to enjoy both music and conversation. The food is excellent and, considering the comfort and good service provided, not expensive. Also Tony, the wine waiter, knows his wines. Well worth a visit and nowadays it is wise to book. Licensed until midnight.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Candlelight and conjuring

John Baker White

C.S.=Closed Sundays W.B.=Wise to book a table

The Changing Face, 11 King's Road, Chelsea (opposite Peter Jones). (SLO 4629.) C.S. Open 7 p.m. to midnight. Describing itself as "London's most informal eating house," it has the virtue of being original in an unoriginal world. With candles and piano music it should suit young people. There are menus ranging from 10s. 6d. to £2 2s., and *à la carte*. Usually about the place is an excellent conjurer John Muir, who, for a modest fee, will entertain you at your table. Unlicensed, but they will send out.

Compendium with courage

Sheila Chichester's **London Shopping & Fashion Guide**—new edition just out—contains an admirable section on hotels and restaurants, plus the names of good food shops and wine merchants. With the courage that is given to women she has made a Michelin-type classification of the restaurants under the three headings of price, cuisine and amenities, and she does it well too. This guide also contains a set of maps, including a gourmet's guide set, made by her husband Francis. As he is one of the world's best navigators they are naturally first-class. The leather-bound pocket or purse size guide costs £1 1s. and would be

I suppose one of the most colourful characters around London must be Joe Francis whose experiences as a barman will one day make a book. My favourite amongst his inexhaustible repertoire of stories happened when he was running his own **Arlington Club**. An American visitor came in one morning and demanded a martini. "I take it," said Joe, "that you would like it very dry." "Sure thing," he replied. "Ten parts gin and one part Vermouth." Philosophically Joe complied with his instructions. He was just squeezing a tiny piece of lemon peel into the glass when the American caught sight of him. "Say Bud," he said, menacingly, "when I want a fruit cup I'll ask for it!"

Friends of Joe Francis will be pleased to learn that after a period on the banqueting side at the Dorchester, he has now taken up an appointment as manager of **Cunningham's Oyster Bar** in Curzon Street. An imaginative appointment which should add much to the atmosphere of an already well-known and popular restaurant. Incidentally proprietor Capt. Owen Cunningham tells me he has well advanced plans for a new restaurant in London which he reckons is going to make exciting news, particularly with regard to prices. Welcome thought.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Eydie Gorme & Steve Lawrence close on Saturday.*

From Monday Peggy Lee

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Johnnie Ray and the Ten O'Clock Follies

Society (REG 0565) *Felicia Sanders*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves, and Hutch*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Jimmy Edwards, Silvan (modern magic) and the Savoy Dancers*

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Danny la Rue produces and stars in This Is Your Nightlife. Early evening show, Old Time Music Hall*

Embassy (HYD 5275) *Paula Watson, songs at the piano, with Davy Kaye and the Embassy Lovelies*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Joan Heal*



Noel Harrison has just started a five-week season at Quaglino's and the Allegro

a most useful present for an overseas visitor. It can be obtained from Mrs. Chichester at 9 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

France's twelve

Here are some French restaurants in London where you can celebrate the 14th of July.

Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) C.S. *Famous for fish. Outstanding wine list.*

Le Provençal, 259 Fulham Road. (FLA 9434.) *Quite new. High standard and not too expensive.*

Le Jardin des Gourmets, Greek Street, Soho. (GER 1816.) C.S. *Long established. Don't miss the terrine or the Coquille St. Jacques. Good wine list.*

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street (off the Strand). (TEM 7061.) C.S. *A gastronomic shrine in which the amiable spirit of Marcel Boulestin lives on.*

Coquerico, 303 Brompton Road. (KEN 7898.) C.S. *Styles itself "Restaurant Français"—and it is.*

Chaz Cleo, Harrington Gardens. (FRE 4477.) C.S. *Gay. Atmosphere is genuine, so is the Poulet Basquaise.*

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street.

(TEM 0542.) C.S. *René Rochan comes from Montargis, his wife Thérèse from the border of the Pays de Bresse. Need I say more?*

Genevieve, 13 Thayer Street (off High Street, Marylebone). *Sauces are outstanding, so are the terrines.*

Le P'tit Montmartre, 15 Marylebone Lane (just off Wigmore Street). (WEL 2992.) *An established favourite with discerning consumers of French food. Frogs' legs are a speciality, also breasts of chicken and duckling flambé at the table.*

Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek Street, Soho. (GER 4460.) *One of the oldest of London's French restaurants. Sedate, unhurried, and knows all about cooking snails.*

Chez Victor, 45 Wardour Street (south of Shaftesbury Avenue). (GER 6523.) C.S. *Might have been transplanted from a large French provincial town, atmosphere and all.*

Au Père De Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea. (KNI 4704.) *Satisfies efficiently the desire of Chelsea residents for good French food.*

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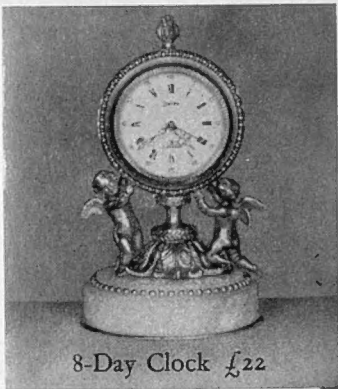


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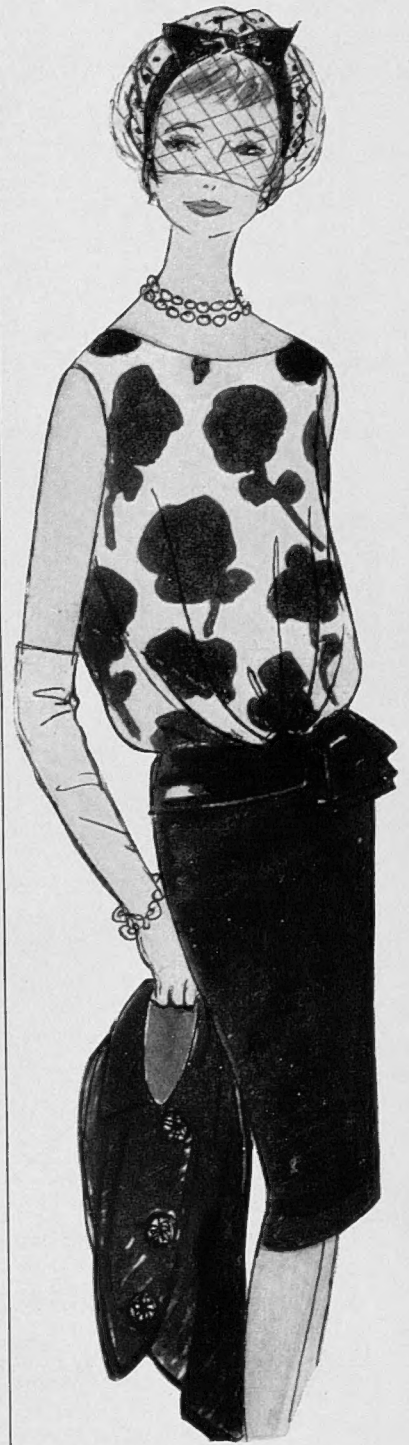


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BEIRUT: bargains in jewellery

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Something to declare

Doone Beal

SINCE THE DAYS WHEN A DOZEN PAIRS OF NYLONS WAS A PRIZE AND A dress length of Italian silk a bonus, the aspect of shopping abroad for profit has rather altered. You may be, like me, a compulsive shopper in a foreign country, but even if you are the type to get out your currency conversion card and weigh everything you see, penny for penny, against what you *could* have bought at home, there are still some kicks left.

I recently derived great pleasure from seeing some pure crystal tumblers selling in London for £2 10s. each, having bought some even better ones for slightly under 10s. apiece in Czechoslovakia. The only other good buy there apart from some rather folksy embroidery were long-playing records—of some of the best Russian and East German orchestras—costing about £1 each. I am told that one can get them also in Moscow at half our own prices. In Budapest, they manufacture some very passable reproduction antique jewellery, using amethyst, topaz and turquoise. Alas, I searched in vain both here and in Prague for cheap caviare, but found it as expensive as in London. Like diamonds, it has its price.

In both Copenhagen and Stockholm, the best buys are things for the house; enamelled frying pans, casseroles, china and glass. One sees many things that are in fact imported into the U.K., but they are usually a good 15 per cent cheaper locally, and the choice is much wider. Visit the Permanent Exhibition in Copenhagen to see the work of the best new designers. In the back streets of Adelgade and Borgergade you can still find some loot-worthy junk shops. And Copenhagen airport is duty free for liquor and scent. In Stockholm, the best selection of china and glass is probably that in the huge, American-type department store, N.K., but there are also scores of smaller shops as well as the elegant Gustavsberg, that specialize in ceramics. Hand-stitched leather and hogskin gloves are another good buy in Stockholm, as are crocodile handbags, which seemed to me to cost a little less than in London. Amsterdam is a beguiling place in which to shop for rather unexpected things; ebony-backed hairbrushes, tortoiseshell combs and

boxes, and some jewellery. There are still a number of small craftsmen there, totally unorganized and with no wholesale outlet, so the small shops are rewarding and you can find some beautifully carved wood, and hand-turned wooden curry sets consisting of one big bowl and half-a-dozen tiny ones for the spices, and lots of good-looking pewter. Spielstrasse is the place for the best antique shops, and the huge open-air junk market in Rembrandtsplein is worth picking over as well.

Istanbul, whose conventional shops offer little, has a magnificent covered bazaar. Dating back to the 16th-century, it extends for acres of stone-flagged labyrinth, housing some 2,000 shops in all. They sell everything from plastic overshoes and home permanents to some quite lovely alabaster, ikons, copper, rugs and jewellery. I paid about 9d. each for some handsome brass *kebab* swords. A certain amount of bargaining is expected, and one has only to watch the mime of feigned indifference, persuasion and reproach that goes on between the Turks themselves to understand the wisdom of never settling for the first price. Especially is this true when it comes to parting with real money, as for jewellery, antiques and ikons. Aseo and Davud, whose shops face each other across the alley, are two of the most famous and reliable of the bazaar dealers, though one is exceedingly unlikely to come out on top of the bargain with either. Aseo has the more spectacular collection of antique jewellery, but Davud specializes in some good reproductions of old harem and turban rings, and will quickly alter an existing ring or make one for you.

Much the same applies in Beirut. No glossy stores and, since an over-zealous governor cleared the native quarter, no bazaar either, but there are many junk and jewellery shops in which you can expect to settle down with the proprietor to coffee and a cigarette, play the rest of the deal by ear and emerge with something approaching a bargain.

Italy is one of the happiest of all hunting grounds, and I think I'd give Florence precedence even over Rome. Best-looking shops are along the Lung'Arno from the right bank of Ponte Vecchio to Ponte St. Trinita and in Via Tournabuoni, but the most profitable buys can be made in the left-bank streets directly over Ponte Vecchio. One place to remember is Bruno del Secco, where they make appliqué-embroidered lawn shirts to your measurements and deliver them to your hotel in a day, for under 30s. In the same street are Madova, for gloves, Amadeo Zecchi & Figlio for lovely leather desk sets; and Parri's for belts, handbags and leather cigarette cases. In Venice I priced a certain decorated pepper-pot from 8,000 lire in San Marco down to exactly four in an ironmonger's shop way below the Rialto bridge, though I am bound to say that the wear and tear in shoe leather and fatigue almost redressed the balance. There seems to be no such discrepancy in prices in Rome, and you might as well shop in Via Condotti, and the other little streets which radiate conveniently from the foot of the Spanish Steps, as anywhere else. In either of the ski resorts such as Cortina, or the summer ones of Santa Margherita, Positano and Portofino, it pays hands down to equip yourself on the spot.

Spain and Majorca are the places for the most lovely leather luggage, and you might do a lot worse than bring your oldest suitcase and abandon it there and then for something better. Leather is good throughout Spain—especially perhaps in Seville—but the clever thing is to get shoes and gloves made to measure. This particular service is sufficiently well known to be advertised in most of the hotels.

You might wonder why I have left France, and especially Paris, to the last. By comparison with some other European cities it has rather lost its status as a bargain symbol, but not its status in producing things that are at least the best of their kind. Nowhere else can you get sprayed from wrist to elbow with the most exotic scents in the world, live with them awhile and finally make your purchase, duty-free, at the airport.

But apart from that the best buys are things like hats, shoes, gloves and handbags. I would think hard before I paid £18 for a bag in London. But to pay that in Paris, and see its equivalent here for £35. . . . I watched the customs man, and he watched me, as he pronounced it "nicely made" and charged £4 duty. I still rate it a bargain.

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THE TATLER 12 JULY 1961

COLOURS AND CLANSMEN



The colours were presented by the Queen to the 7th & 8th Battalions Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders on the rain-drenched parade ground at Stirling Castle. The clansmen met the Queen and Prince Philip at a luncheon party in the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms. The party of 49 Highland and Lowland chieftains included four women, and tables arranged in an oval solved the problem of precedence. Muriel Bowen describes both occasions overleaf, together with more pictures of the Royal visit to Scotland

MURIEL BOWEN'S COLUMN

The Queen across the Border

TIME was when the whole of Scotland wasn't large enough to hold its frequently feuding chieftains. But 49 of them sat down quietly enough at the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh last week to a lunch of roast lamb and claret with the Queen and Prince Philip. These men—and women—with evocative names that echo a vigorous past made it an occasion the like of which Scotland hadn't seen since 1822 when Sir Walter Scott convened the clan heads at a reception in the Assembly Rooms. George IV was the attending monarch on that occasion.

The Queen sat between the **Earl of Elgin**, convener of the Council of Scottish Chiefs, and the **Duke of Hamilton**, premier peer of Scotland. Flanking Prince Philip were the Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland the **Countess of Erroll**, and the **Duchess of Hamilton**. The chiefs came from far and wide. The arrival of the **Macneil of Barra** and **Madam Macneil** in Edinburgh for the clan luncheon party had something of the grandeur that surrounded the Queen's own arrival. They were preceded up the station platform by a piper and a standard-bearer. At the luncheon the chiefs found their places marked, not by name cards but by their crests mounted on tiny shields and painted in heraldic colours. Precedence was neatly surmounted. The series of tables were shaped into an elongated oval.

The chieftains were a mixed bag. There was **Sir Thomas Innes of Learney**, Lord Lyon King of Arms, and the most colourful of Scots. To the English and the Irish Sir Thomas is a genial figure, but one to beware of if you happen to be a Scottish chief over the rails a bit. Flying the wrong flag over your castle means one of his fines, in Scots pounds too. Worse, he can pop you into stocks. Farther along the elongated table was the **MacBain of MacBain**. He arrived by plane not from the Western Isles but from Chicago where, in his younger days, he was chairman of a chain store. There was at least one other American but most of the chiefs were men who live close to the heather, like the **Marquess of Huntly**, who is known as "Cock of the North." Earlier in the day the skyful of grey clouds had the people of Edinburgh constantly looking toward the Nelson Monument on Calton Hill. The Queen was to give a garden party in the afternoon at the Palace of Holyroodhouse and cancellation in the event of bad weather would have been signalled by the flying of the Lion Flag of Scotland from the Nelson Monument. It was touch and go for a while but fortunately for the 7,000 guests the yellow flag with its red lion did not flutter from the masthead. When it was time for the party fur wraps were out to supplement a wan sun but the Edinburgh cold (on a day when London was sweltering) didn't spoil the occasion.

Prince Philip was in cracking form. "Still keeping all your knives sharp?" he asked **Sir Walter Mercer**, the surgeon and former president of the Royal College of Surgeons, who was accompanied by **Lady Mercer**. There was a burst of laughter too when the Prince made some observations about the proposed visit to the Pope of the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the **Rt. Rev. Dr. A. C. Craig**. It's a controversial subject in Scotland. The Queen wore the gold and enamel badge of the Royal Company of Archers (her Bodyguard for Scotland) on the lapel of her white corded silk coat. This gave great pleasure to the Bodyguard, that splendidly turned-out body of men under the command of the **Earl of Stair**. The lawns of the Palace of Holyroodhouse are not so spacious as those at Buckingham Palace, but they have a charm all their own. Strolling about them on this occasion were: the **Earl of Mansfield** & the **Countess** in a grey and white patterned dress—and a fur stole; the **Countess of Leicester**, the **Hon. John Maclay**, Secretary of State for Scotland, and **Mr. J. Greig Dunbar**, Lord Provost

of Edinburgh, & **Mrs. Dunbar** in a great big black hat scattered with roses. Others there were the **Duke & Duchess of Hamilton**, **Mr. Vaughn de Long**, the U.S. Consul-General & **Mrs. de Long**, and **Baroness Elliot of Harwood** who appeared to know every other person and was one of those introducing people to the Queen.

Always at Holyrood there is quite a sprinkling of churchmen and their wives. This is not surprising as the voice of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland comes near to being a national parliament. Otherwise it was very much like Buckingham Palace—the striped marquees, the chocolate cakes, and the two bands taking it in turn—The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) and The King's Own Scottish Borderers.

PAGEENTRY AT STIRLING

Starting in Fife it was a full week for the Queen and Prince Philip in Scotland. At each stop—Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling—a great many hands were shaken. They met the **Earl & Countess of Rosebery**, **Mr. & Mrs. E. H. Browne**, **Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Parker**, the **Hon. Richard Wood, M.P.**, Minister of Fuel & Power, and **Mrs. Wood**, **Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Collins**, and hundreds more. At Stirling the Queen presented new colours to the 7th and 8th Battalions of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. A splendid sight too, the vivid yellow colours draped over the massed drums against the sombre background of Stirling Castle. The 7th is commanded by **Lt.-Col. J. D. L. Boyle** and the 8th by **Lt.-Col. A. D. R. Wilson**.

It was the most social of days in the history of the brave Argylls. In the evening, having changed in the Royal train, the Queen and Prince Philip were back again at the Castle for a banquet at the Chapel Royal. It was all most glamorous. The 16th-century chapel, now used as a hall, had masses of white flowers arranged in narrow boxes covered in the plaid of the regiment. The peach walls were hung with panels, arms and badges. The Queen wore a white satin dress with floating panels at the back lined with emerald green. Featuring the Pakistan national colours it was the dress designed for the state dinner given for her by the President of Pakistan in Karachi in February. With it she wore a diamond and emerald tiara, the diamond brooch of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, and the Thistle ribbon and star. The farewell to Edinburgh provided another of those scintillating Scottish functions with the sunset ceremony and a lone piper playing, "Lord Lovat's Lament." It was a balmy evening with guests gathered in the forecourt of Holyroodhouse, and thousands more looking down from the high slopes of Arthur's Seat.

CROWN PRINCE ON THE CLYDE

Another occasion with a Royal flavour was the International Clyde Fortnight (pictures on page 64). The Royal yacht *Bluebottle*, now one of the more elderly Dragons, was there. The Queen of the Hellenes sent *Boonatsa* which was sailed by her son, **Crown Prince Constantine**, the Olympic gold medallist, and **Princess Sofia of Greece** was winning everybody's praise for the businesslike way she sailed her own boat, *Wkeanis*. The 22-year-old Princess, a slip of a girl beside those big, broad-shouldered yachtsmen, brought *Wkeanis* home fifth in a Dragon fleet of 56 on her first day's sailing off Rothesay. A gusty wind and a heavy rolling swell blowing in from the Irish Sea created an air of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



The Queen's Scottish visit began with an inspection of a guard of honour drawn from the 1st Bn., King's Own Scottish Borderers on her arrival at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Below: The Royal garden party at Holyrood on her second day in Edinburgh. Below, right: Accompanied by Mr. F. H. R. Finlay, regional general manager, she talks to the Westfield open-cast coalmining site in Fife, wearing protective clothing





Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay & Mrs. M. Lindon were joint-hostesses for their daughters Kirstie & Natalie at a

Coming-out at the Junior Carlton

Below: Mr. Roger Youden & Miss Patricia Skene. Right: Mr. Robert Drummond-Hay with Miss Patricia Calvert & Miss Anne Cornwallis



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP TOWNSEND

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

uncertainty at times. But the best helmsmen came through in the end.

Finest moment of the championships was when a British boat, *Vara*, sailed by her owner **Sir Gordon Smith, Bt.** got the winning gun for the Gold Cup, a world championship for Dragons. An exciting finish too with Sir Gordon having the better of the Australian boat, *Adios*, by five seconds at the end of five days' hard racing. It's only the second time that the cup has come to the United Kingdom.

"Such a beautiful little cup too, I hope we can hold on to it next year when we go to Norway," **Lady Smith** told me. Sir Gordon has been sailing Dragons for 13 years and *Vara* is his fifth boat.

Sir Gordon had **Mr. Jack Knights** (noted Finn helmsman and a great man for getting off at the start) and **Mr. Tony Glaze** crewing for him for the Gold Cup, and Lady Smith was on board for the final day's racing when he won again. *Vara* will be at Cowes, then Sir Gordon takes her to Rhode Island to represent us against American Dragons.

The Edinburgh Cup slipped from our grasp at Rothesay. For the

next 12 months it will be on a Norwegian sideboard. When I tracked down the winning skipper **Mr. C. O. Svae** (behind a mountain of crumpets) at the Glenburn Hotel he was busy mulling over tactics to get abreast of our weather. And get level he did. I was told that the one special privilege of being at the back of the fleet was to see Svae slicing his Dragon to windward in a weaving motion that never allowed her way to be killed.

Mr. John McKean, the chairman of the Clyde Yacht Clubs Association, and **Sir Alastair Young, Bt.**, chairman of the racing committee for the Edinburgh Cup, ran the Fortnight wonderfully well. Mr. & Mrs. McKean had their 17-ton *Siolta* moored near the guardship H.M.S. *Adamant*, which the skipper, **Capt. J. A. C. Roxburgh**, had dressed overall and looked very smart. **Sir Alastair & Lady Young** had their 8-metre cruiser, *Sonda*. This is a good looking class of boat only seen on the Clyde. The class was started by Sir Alastair some years ago.

It was a highly international gathering and the presence of the



Mr. A. Colls & Miss Merry Williams-Wyome



Miss Jillian Riggall & Mr. Ian Mackintosh.
Below: Miss Lovice de Reviczky & Mr. Christopher Sanderson

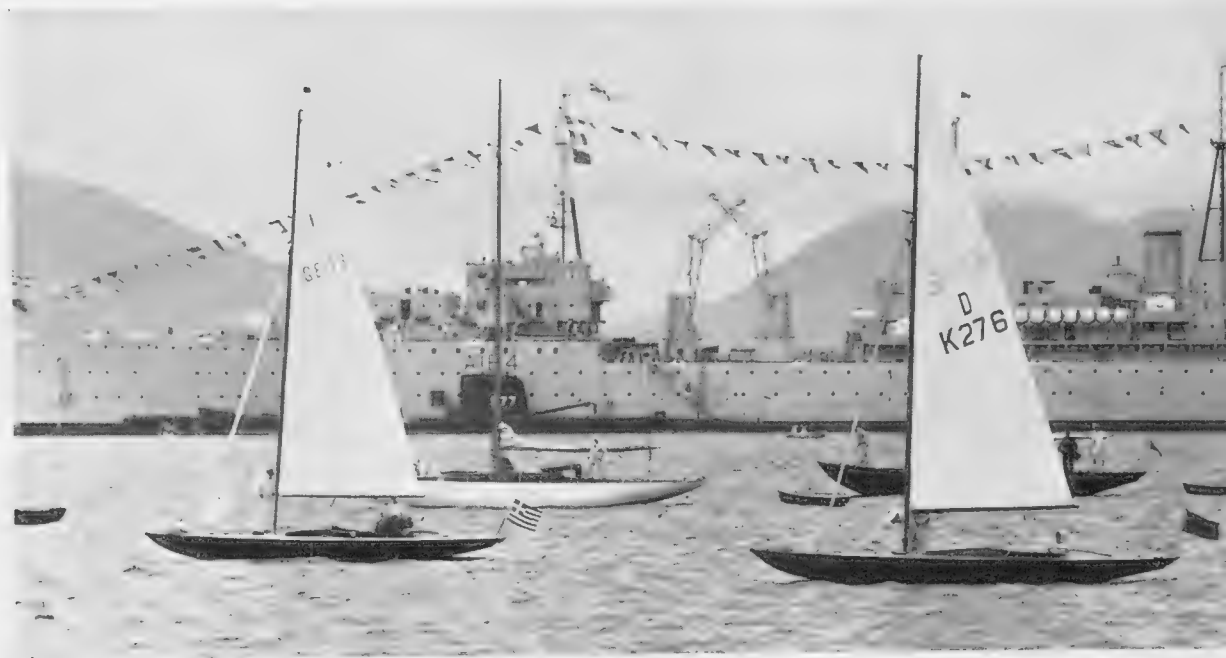


Sir Gordon Smith (right) won the Gold Cup for Britain in the international yachting fortnight. His Danish-built Vara was first among the

Dragons on the Clyde



Princess Sophia of Greece in her Dragon Wkeanis (left) sails past the guardship followed by Mr. P. Dyas and his crew in the British Dragon, Viking. More pictures overleaf



Russians added spice to the occasion. Though illness prevented their top helmsman coming over they sent their No. 2, who not only showed that he could sail a boat but did consistently well in racing.

MR. BUTLER'S HIDEAWAY

At certain times of the year (and last week wasn't one of them) Scotland is one of the most delightful spots on earth for getting away from it all. With that in mind Mr. **R. A. Butler**, the Home Secretary, & Mrs. **Butler** have taken a house on the island of Mull, a 17th-century manse currently very much in the hands of the builders, as it's being modernized. "It's just a little retreat where we can get right away from people," Mrs. Butler tells me. It's deliciously remote. On Sundays there are no steamer services to the mainland, though the man who brings the newspapers has been known to ferry favourite customers.

The views from the house are superb. Nor is that all. Mr. Butler

intends to rent some stalking and shooting. There's a tiny launch for the younger Butlers and Courtaulds to get about the coast of Mull.

What of the Scottish season this year? Reports from the keepers are better than for 1960. Grouse are healthy and more plentiful. The private dances will be more numerous too—the Scots having finally been assured that a coming-out dance in their own homes is infinitely more fun (and more work!) than one in a London hotel. At Gleneagles Hotel I found some new colour schemes, also some structural changes, including 25 additional private bathrooms. Just now the golf course is a riot of bright yellow gorse.

With the Earl of Harewood as Artistic Director there is a special interest in this year's Edinburgh Festival, 20 August to 9 September. In past years the biggest problem for Festival goers has been accommodation. I notice that the Edinburgh Festival Society, 11 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh, now assists in providing it.



DRAGONS ON THE CLYDE *continued*



Dragon crews wait to go on board. In the centre, Col. & Mrs. B. D. Cotton who own Ceres II



Mr. & Mrs. Willis Boyd and their son Willis Boyd, Jnr., from California, competed with their Dragon, Rocking Chair. They were 8th in the series after the day's racing. Left: Mr. John McKean, chairman of the committee organizing the Clyde yachting fortnight. His 18-ton cutter Siolta in the background



Officials of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, Mr. R. M. Whyte, Mr. W. Begg & Mr. W. W. Conn. Left: International Dragons off Rothesay near the guardship H.M.S. Adamant



An official launch with a full load. Left: Mr. C. Stavridis from Greece, and Mrs. A. Miller



Crown Prince Constantine of Greece won the day's race in the Dragon Gold Cup series in his mother's yacht Boonatsa—the dark-hulled one in the background. Right: Mr. C. H. Steinbach's Canadian Dragon Tannin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL





Lady John Hope (Somerset Maugham's daughter) & Mr. Antony Acton. Top right: The Marchioness of Zetland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

Left: Lady Cochrane, the Marquessa de Santa Cruz (wife of the Spanish Ambassador) & Sir Desmond Cochrane, Bt. Right: Mrs. Herbert Agar



LORD JOHN HOPE'S EXHIBITION

The latest politician to enter the art world seriously, the Minister of Works held his first one-man show at the Trafford Gallery, where Mr. Peter Thorneycroft had an exhibition in March



Lord John Hope, the artist, and some of his paintings



The Countess of Dundee & Lady Irene Astor



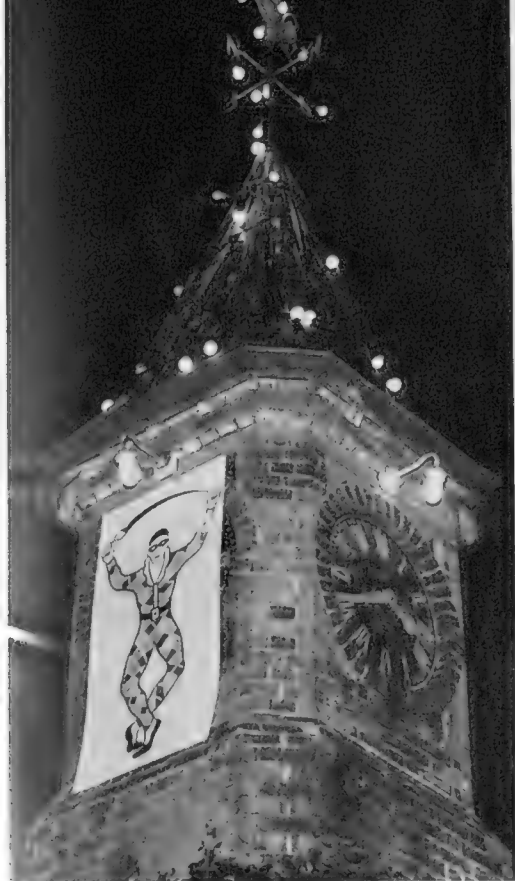
Mr. Whitney Straight & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Mr. Michael Hornby

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

Mr. David Marques, the Harlequins captain, & Miss Jan Voss. Left: The club's emblem adorned the clock tower of Culverwood House

Mrs. W. E. Tucker (wife of the surgeon) and Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., who has captained England, Cambridge University and the Harlequins



THE HARLEQUINS' BALL

Vintage Chaplin films competed with the attractions of a champagne supper & 2 a.m. barbecue at the annual Harlequins' Ball held at the Hertfordshire home of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Marques, parents of the club's captain



Ian Hamilton & Mike Latimer entertain



At the tombola, Sir Patrick Renison and Mrs. John Tallent



Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lord dancing to a West Indian steel band that wandered playing through the grounds

Barbecued chops and sausages sampled by Mr. & Mrs. Roy Taylor

LORD KILBRACKEN

A nominal difficulty

TODAY IS THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH—THE 273RD ANNIVERSARY, to be perfectly precise, of the Battle of the Boyne, which sealed the history of Ireland as a minion of Britain for 234 years. The fifes and drums, the sashes and banners, will be abroad in the North today—where it's a general holiday—and may well be visible as far afield as Glasgow. There will be cries of *No Surrender* and *To Hell with the Pope*; it will once again be reiterated that Ulster will fight, and that Ulster will be right; the spirits of Northern heroes, from William of Orange to Carson, will be piously invoked. Meantime, in the South, these sacrilegious practices will be blandly disregarded, just as St. Patrick's Day is not noticeably observed in the vicinity of Belfast.

I do not know for how many more decades, or centuries, the dichotomy will continue of poor, holy Ireland. (Could it really go on for ever, as they say they believe in the North?) But I feel the time has come to consider a curious feature of it, and the Twelfth may be a good time for doing so. Two separate countries, for better or for worse, exist in the one small island, with separate parliaments, separate laws, separate religions and ancestry (for the most part), and even, quite noticeably, separate senses of humour. And yet—alone among the nations of the world—there is no agreement at all about the names of the countries concerned.

The situation, perhaps, is more complicated than you know. In fact, it's thoroughly Irish. Under the treaty (still disputed) of 1922, the six north-eastern counties remained part of the United Kingdom, with representation at Westminster and their own parliament at Stormont. The remaining 26 formed the Irish Free State, an independent nation but still a member of the Commonwealth. (It was agreed that the border so established was to be reviewed in due course, and it was implied that more territory would then be ceded to the South; this has never been done, however, in the four decades since.)

Nobody can be quite sure when these 26 counties actually became a republic, though it became more or less official when Dev got up in the Dail and said he had looked up the word *republic* in the dictionary. Well, *I've* just looked it up, too, and this is what it says: "Republic, *n.* A State in which the government is carried on nominally & usu. in fact also by the people or its elected representatives." On this definition, I'm not the least surprised that Dev reached the conclusion that this applied to *his* State; why, it even makes England into a republic.

In 1948, Dev-land left the Commonwealth, a fact that always makes me wonder exactly what this means. Economically, the Republic was totally unaffected—she still enjoys, today, full Commonwealth preference. No passports are required for travel between Britain and Ireland, and anyone born in Ireland can opt for, and obtain without formality, a British passport anyway. Moreover, there are no immigration restrictions, as you may have noticed. Moreover, Irish affairs are handled by the Commonwealth Relations Office—not the F.O. And English

money is legal tender in the Republic—which is not the case, and nor are the other matters I've mentioned, in any other non-Commonwealth country in the world. The Commonwealth, of course, puts its members under no obligation whatever to fight in Britain's war. So what on earth *is* it? Whatever the answer may be, the Republic departed from it in 1948, and nobody on either side of St. George's Channel noticed any perceptible difference.

And so we come to nomenclature. It may have been noticed that I have been wary so far in my choice of words when referring to North and South. I don't want to step on anyone's toes, though it's hard not to. You may not be aware of it, but there are objections of principle, on one side or the other, to the whole strange assortment of appellations used. Let us begin with Eire, which is often employed by well-meaning persons outside the country itself to refer to the Republic.

Here perhaps I may mention that Eire rhymes with Clara. It *doesn't* rhyme with fairy. Still less with fair or fire.

However pronounced, it is simply the Irish word for Ireland—that is to say, the whole island. It includes "the six occupied counties," to use I.R.A. language for the moment. In any case, it shouldn't be used when speaking English at all, any more than one says Deutschland or Italia. Equally strong objections apply to the use of Ulster. There are nine counties in that ancient province and only six of them come under the aegis of Belfast. (Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan are the exceptions.)

Perhaps you imagine that "Northern Ireland," at least, is universally acceptable. Not a bit of it. The Irish nationalists feel, logically or otherwise, that this implies it occupies half the island, rather than three-sixteenths of it (if calculated on the number of counties). Unwilling to surrender an inch, even by implication, they suggest we should speak of *North-Eastern Ireland*. As for saying *Southern Ireland* for the Republic, similar objections could be raised and in fact it is never used.

How about *Republic of Ireland*? I'm afraid there is no such thing. Ireland, indisputably, is the whole island, which is *not* a single republic, whichever dictionary you use.

Over there, we manage to get away with it by referring to *The Six Counties* and *The 26 Counties*, or by talking in vague terms of *the Republic* or *the North*. But this will not do for external or international usage. So, whenever the matter arises, one has to go into the whole history of Ireland from the Plantation of Ulster to the present day; and I find this tiresome.

A little matter of 39 years have passed since the Free State was established. I'm only too well aware that this is a mere moment of time in Ireland. But I wonder if there is any hope that someone, quite soon, may just begin to consider what North and South should be called—perhaps by the *next* time the Glorious Twelfth comes round. I don't suppose it matters, but I'd just like to know the name of the country I come from.

PLAIN COOKING WITH A PLUS



The place is Jasper's Eating House, the menu: boiled beef, dumplings, carrots. The text (overleaf) is by Theo Goldrey, the pictures by Lewis Morley. Their conclusion: the plainer the cooking the fancier the eating

PLAIN COOKING WITH A PLUS

continued

The place: Simpsons. On the tray (right): strawberry and apple pies, a speciality of Master Cook Mr. Moss, seen here examining the beef in his cold room



COOKING is smart, and the more eager to please is the hostess, the stranger the origin of her recipe. But in fact *pilaff à la turque*, *goulash hongroise*, and *poulet à la basquaise* need infinitely less skill, given a reliable recipe, than roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, boiled fish or steamed golden sponge. And the most demanding eaters say that in the end they prefer the best and most expensive ingredients, simply cooked, than all the *foie gras*, truffles and marinades of Armagnac.

The professional cook has his great reliable ovens, steamers and spits, his dawn buyers to reject the second rate. But he also has his knowledge, tricks if you like, which he is sometimes ready to communicate, and which can help the hostess to overcome the disadvantages she starts with. Simpsons is the doyen restaurant of "plain food," and Mr. Moss, its amiable Master Cook, is not wary of rivals. His celebrated pies are made from an unexceptionable pastry (1 lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. margarine, a quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, milk)—but it is left to stand for 10 minutes, and the cook's fingers are ice cold. Delicious and simple was his combination of apples with strawberries or gooseberries, according to the season. Most of us stop at blackberry-and-apple. The Moss Yorkshire pudding has a difference. You add the flour



The place: the Cosy Dining Room; the time: beginning of the lunch hour rush. Specialties served by Mr. Frampton include steak pie, roasts and stews and a personalized version of steamed golden pudding



to the milk and eggs mixed with a teaspoonful of olive oil. It is given a good beating before being left to stand for an hour, and another good beating before it is poured into the hot meat tin.

While Simpsons are renowned for roast meat and pies, customers at Sheekeys in St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, ask for boiled fish. Mr. Fielding, smooth, ready-for-a-laugh manager, said: "Boiled fish sounds like hospital fodder to me. We prefer to call it steamed. The secret is to buy only the best turbot—you can always warn the fishmonger—and to let it tick over slowly in the fish kettle, not gallop and lose its flavour and shape. We make the parsley sauce with cornflour (not ordinary flour), fish stock, milk and fresh parsley. Don't try a lobster sauce at home—you would need at least 50 lobsters."

Another sign that food pretentiousness is dying, is the revival of the Eating House. Neo-Edwardian Jaspers in Bourne Street, S.W.1, is one. Its French chef, Monsieur Seaux, specializes in boiled beef with carrots and dumplings. To achieve his perfection you must pickle the H-bone or silverside for 10 days with only one pound of salt to a gallon of water, 1 oz. of saltpetre and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of brown sugar. He cooks his beef in boiling water, not cold according to the book (because it is not over-salted), and the water is a

boiling brew of onions, carrots, peppercorns and herbs. He makes his dumplings with freshly minced raw suet.

The King's Road has its traditional Eating House, the Cosy Dining Rooms. Mr. Frampton is proud of his 300 lunches (or dinners) a day, and his clientele of workmen, and Chelsea eccentrics. His steak pies and stews are made every day, his roasts are not warmed up and cut thin for economy. His own version of steamed golden pudding is worth knowing: an ordinary sponge mixture with two added dessertspoonsful of marmalade, but steamed in little round tin cases with a dessertspoonful of golden syrup at the bottom of each case. They emerge trickling with goodness.

As steamed puddings are peculiar to the English, so is the public house cold table. The Audley in Mount Street, Mayfair, is proud of its splendid hams and roasts. The way to produce the most succulent cold roast—particularly with a small joint, said the chef—is to wrap it in dough, and peel that off when it is cooked. Nothing could be more delicious in summer than a piece of tender pink beef, intended to be eaten cold, not a hand-down from Sunday.

Nursery food, you may say—give me my *ratatouille* and my *bolognese*. But should you tire of them, the old skills are worth relearning.



The place (above): Sheekeys. Speciality here is turbot with parsley sauce—not boiled, but steamed. The place at the top: The Audley in Mount Street. Attraction here is the cold table—ham and roasts



Late 18th century (above) the Deer Park Parlour from Baltimore County, Maryland. Centre: New Orleans in its lushest evocation. The mahogany four-poster and bedroom furnishings come from the Joshua La Salle House at Windham. Wall designs were made by a journeyman artist who probably mixed his pigments with skimmed milk. Top: Conkey's Tavern (circa 1680) with Windsor chairs and a beehive oven



America IN SOMERSET

A conducted tour by HECTOR BOLITHO

ONE of the more stubborn English talents is that wherever they extended their Empire, they always took their Englishness with them. When they went to Lahore, they uprooted the Moghul clover in the Shalimar Gardens and planted grass—to make an English lawn; and when they went to New Zealand, some of them even took their own prefabricated wooden churches in their sailing ships, though the islands were rich to the seashore with splendid timber.

With America, the story was different. Those who went to Virginia also remained curiously English: some sent their sons back to English schools, and even imported their tombstones across the Atlantic. But in the northern states, following the example of the Pilgrim Fathers, the settlers shed their Englishness and became the first Americans—the first Yankees. Their houses, their possessions and their lives grew out of the alien earth and formed the beginning of a heritage.

That heritage has arrived back in England in the shape of a remarkable museum, opened this month at Claverton Manor, near Bath—built by Wyattville in 1820. I might say, quickly, that the word museum is an anachronism here, since it suggests only the dead bones of history, whereas the founders of the Claverton collection, Mr. John Judkyn, and Dr. Dallas Pratt, devout Anglophiles from New York, and the English director, Mr. Ian McCallum, with his American assistant director, Mr. David Johnson, have made their collection so alive that the sensation of leaving the glorious English valley of the Avon and entering this first American Museum in Britain is quite uncanny.

The first tranquillizer is given as we approach the front door; where a bronze plaque on the wall outside announces that our own Anglo-American Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, made his first political speech there in 1897. We walk into the hall, and see a proud stove invented by Benjamin Franklin; and we smell, from a far-off kitchen, gingerbread being baked in a beehive oven, as it was baked in the 18th century. We have escaped into American history.

In all, twenty complete rooms have been brought across the Atlantic and re-created within this English mansion. The earliest, dated 1680, comes from Massachusetts. Even the beams—one of them thick as a pony—seem to press down on one and increase the claustrophobic, fearful sense of what life must have been like for those grim beginners. Of the first 10,000 settlers, only 2,000 survived starvation and the Indian arrows. The candlestand, the table arranged for prayers, and the small windows, awaken the image of an evening 280 years ago. The windows were small because of fear of attack, and in the hall outside was a homespun "valuables bag" that could be snatched and



Claverton Manor stands high above the Avon valley. It was built by Wyattville in 1820

saved, in case of fire or a sudden raid by Indians on the settlement.

I moved into the Lee Room, from New Hampshire (*circa* 1720-1750). By then life had become less savage and there was time for tranquil craftsmanship. The panelling is "feather-edged," beautifully carved and painted; and there is a polite dining table, and a wall bed, to be let down for the passing stranger. And there is a splendid fire-back, dated 1746, with the royal arms, to heighten the illusion that we are still in a Crown colony. The illusion deepens as we pass into the adjoining "borning room" or "measles room," near enough to the fire and the hot water to be convenient in time of childbirth or illness in the family. There was one touching object on the table—a hand mirror, rudely made, with chips of looking glass stuck together.

Then on, through time, to the Perley Room of 1763. The painted "cedar" panelling is elegant, but there were still shutters across the windows, in case of attack. Next to the Deming Parlour of 1788, from Connecticut, with contemporary furniture, increasingly delicate. Somewhere, on a table as I passed, I saw an old ledger with the entries still set down in pounds, shillings and pence. And in another room, beyond an arch (*circa* 1795) brought from Philadelphia, was one of the most beautiful pieces of furniture I have ever seen—a highboy, given by Mr. Henry F. du Pont, with torch finials as light as feathers.

The quilt-room, with a graceful hand-stencilled floor, brought us to the 19th century, when the ladies of New Jersey and other states met in each other's houses for quilting bees. The patterns of the twenty quilts on the walls were brave and surprising; but what was so exciting was to realize their biographical importance. One can trace all the life of

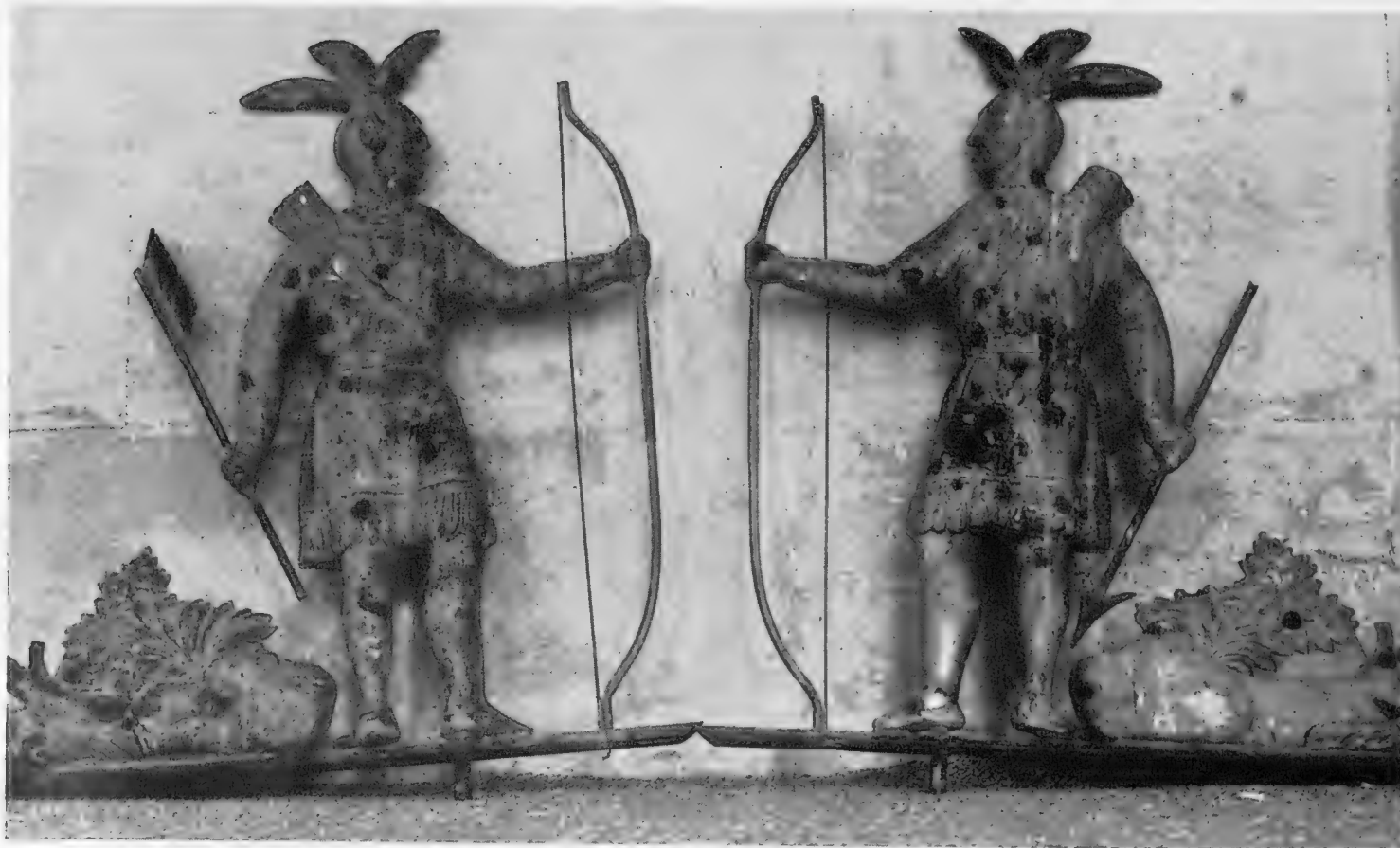
one of those New Jersey ladies in the quilts she had made—from the girlish one with flowers, to the awakening, in a pattern of hearts; from the happy bridal quilt, to the widow's quilt, with the black, morbid arrows of death. In the room from Deer Park in Maryland I saw a portrait by Joshua Johnston, the first negro painter. Then the early-19th century stencilled bedroom; and then to Conkey's Tavern, with a very different tale to tell. There, where the gingerbread was being cooked, Captain Daniel Shays, a veteran of the Revolution, planned his uprising against the state of Massachusetts, in 1786. It was an extraordinary transition to stand in this grim tavern—all brought across the water to Somerset; to stand there alone, look up, and see the marks on the beams where the angry New England farmers banged their muskets.

The Shaker Room recalls the extraordinary Ann Lee, illiterate daughter of a Manchester blacksmith, who was imprisoned many times in the 1760's and 70's for preaching, dancing, singing and blaspheming in the streets. She emigrated to America with a "select band" in 1774, and two years later she founded the Shakers—a fiercely puritanical, celibate and communistic sect who drew their converts from orphanages, and who survive, as a tiny minority, to this day. It was in this room that I realized Mr. McCallum's independent talent for making the American Museum come alive.

I wandered on, with the kindly guide, to the room of the Pennsylvania-Dutch, and remembered my own visits to Philadelphia, where the devout, cold Amish Protestants still walk, in determined isolation from what they call the "conspicuous corruption" of modern American life.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Right: *The water colour of George Washington and his wife was probably painted around 1801 by a Pennsylvanian fractur-maker—this folk-art usually followed the tradition of illuminated manuscripts, often taking the form of family records. Below: A “double Indian” weathervane—the figures are of the Rhode Island chief Massasoit who helped and advised the early settlers. Bottom: Bustle frames hang in a New England store lit by antique brass lamps*



Then, after perhaps too much improvement of the mind, I came to the New Orleans bedroom. Here is no hint of New England's cross-grained virtues: we are free of the northerners who love cold showers, and are in the lush south. The bed, with its carved canopy, upholstered in buttoned satin, is so immense that five could share it. All the other rooms in the house are fed with artificial sunlight; but the bedroom from New Orleans is given artificial moonlight.

The Greek Revival Room, described as "typical of fashionable New York in the 1830's," with piano, dining-table and chairs by Duncan Phyfe, proved that the colonial days were over and that we were prancing towards the age of gracious living. My flight through American history seemed complete when I left the house and glanced again at the Winston Churchill plaque beside the door, and realized that his American grandparents, Clara Hall, with her proud streak of Iroquois Indian blood, and Leonard Jerome must have known such elegant rooms when they were children.

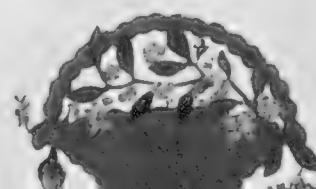
But the adventure was not yet over. Mr. McCallum told me that next summer, the garden from Mount Vernon—Washington's house above the Potomac—will be perfectly copied at Claverton. Then I was led to the gallery in the garden, where the art collection of the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller was being hung on the semi-circle of walls—a collection of early American "folk paintings" that reveal the story of the "colonies" almost as realistically as the rooms in the house. It was typical of the Anglo-American friendliness that inspires Claverton, for me to meet Mrs. Mary Black and be told that she had come all the way from Virginia—she had arrived that morning—to hang the pictures so that we may see them as they are seen in the gallery in Williamsburg.





Regency summer house in the grounds of Claverton Manor has been converted into a milliner's store and now houses the Museum's collection of block-printed handboxes, hats and feather trimmings

More than 70 examples of American folk art—paintings, drawings and sculptures—lent by the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Virginia, are being shown at Claverton this summer. Fabric designs are also on view and this early example is in the Textile Room



America

IN SOMERSET

concluded



Presenting six pages of down-to-earth clothes for head-in-the-clouds children. Though the background belongs to fairy tale, the outfits are as practical as piggy-banks, as durable as teddy-bears. They'll emerge unscathed from the most breathless adventures—even those that take place in

THE ENCHANTED

Four young friends, Polly, Lucy, Sebastian and Alice, were on their way home from a party one afternoon when they found their way blocked by three strange animals. They were standing on the little bridge by the lake in the wood talking in very loud and argumentative voices. When they saw the children they immediately turned to them and told them all their troubles. The Lion, Unicorn and their Mayor, the



ABOVE: PINK COTTON DRESS, BANDED WITH BLUE AND WHITE FLOWERS, ABOUT 13½ GNS. BOY'S BLUE COARSE LINEN SHORTS ARE LINED AND COME IN OTHER COLOURS, 8½ GNS. OVER THEM A 'WHITE KNITTED COTTO!' JUMPER, PIPED IN BLUE, 22s. 6d. THE VOILE DRESS IS SPRINKLED WITH BLUE AND PINK FLOWERS. IT HAS MATCHING PANTS AND BUCKET BAG, AND COSTS 14½ GNS., BAG 79s. 6d. SECOND DRESS HAS BLUE AND GREEN FLOWERS PRINTED ON PINK COTTON, 15½ GNS. EVERYTHING MADE TO ORDER AT THE WHITE HOUSE

WOOD

DRAWINGS BY
ERNEST SHEPARD

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY PRISCILLA

CONRAN

RIGHT: TOWELLING SHIRT STRIPED IN WHITE, TURQUOISE AND BLACK, ABOUT 39s. 6d. AT THE MAST, ROYAL BLUE COTTON SHORTS WITH CANARY YELLOW TOWELLING TOP, SHORTS 11s., SHIRT 15s. ALL FROM A SELECTION AT HARRODS. SCARLET COTTON JUMPER (ALSO IN OTHER COLOURS) ABOUT 35s. AT JAEGER, REGENT STREET. MUSTARD YELLOW SHORTS STITCHED IN SCARLET, ABOUT 24s. 6d. FROM A SELECTION AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY



THE ENCHANTED WOOD CONTINUED



Tortoise, together with all their other friends, had been turned off their island in the middle of the lake by a wicked, conceited frog who had arrived from outer space

WHITE SUNSUIT PRINTED WITH YELLOW AND BLUE BUTTERFLIES, ABOUT 37s. 6d. FROM A SELECTION AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, DUCK-EGG BLUE COTTON DRESS, MINUTELY SPOTTED WITH WHITE AND SPRINKLED WITH YELLOW FLOWERS, ABOUT 75s. (WITH MATCHING PANTS) AT PETITE CAROLINE, 16 MOT-COMB STREET

and declared himself Lord of the Island. They begged the children to do something about this.

At once the four friends decided to sail out to the island to plead with



MARINE-BLUE JEANS STITCHED IN WHITE, WITH DETACHABLE STRAPS AND ELASTICIZED WAIST. COTTON T-SHIRT IN NAVY AND WHITE STRIPES. JEANS ABOUT 59s. 11d. AND SHIRT 19s. 11d. AT PETITE CAROLINE, MOTCOMB STREET



TOMATO-RED COTTON SMOCK, WITH YOKE AND POCKETS STRIPED IN BLUE AND WHITE AND EDGED WITH GREEN BRAID. IT BUTTONS DOWN THE BACK AND COSTS ABOUT 94s. 6d. AT PETITE CAROLINE, MOTCOMB STREET

Space Frog to give it back to its rightful owners. But the frog just shouted insolently at them. Undeterred, the children told the frog that if he would only leave the island,

THE ENCHANTED WOOD CONCLUDED

they would find him a lovely house all to himself. "Find the house first" he bellowed.

Find the house they did—in fact it was really the Lion who discovered it. The next thing was to put in stores as Space Frog was very greedy.

Sebastian and the Mayor went off to pick some luscious water plants, while Alice picked vast umbrella leaves to shade Frog from the sun. Finally she took a huge fish to the island to tempt him away. He plunged into the lake with a great splash following Alice and the fish.

At last the animals were able to return to their beloved island, where they gave a tremendous celebration party.



SCARLET HELANCA SWIMSUIT TRIMMED WITH WHITE BRAID, ABOUT 35s. 9d. FROM A SELECTION AT HARRODS. WHITE BRODERIE ANGLAISE MOB-CAP, 25s. FROM A SELECTION OF SUN HATS AT JAEGER, REGENT STREET

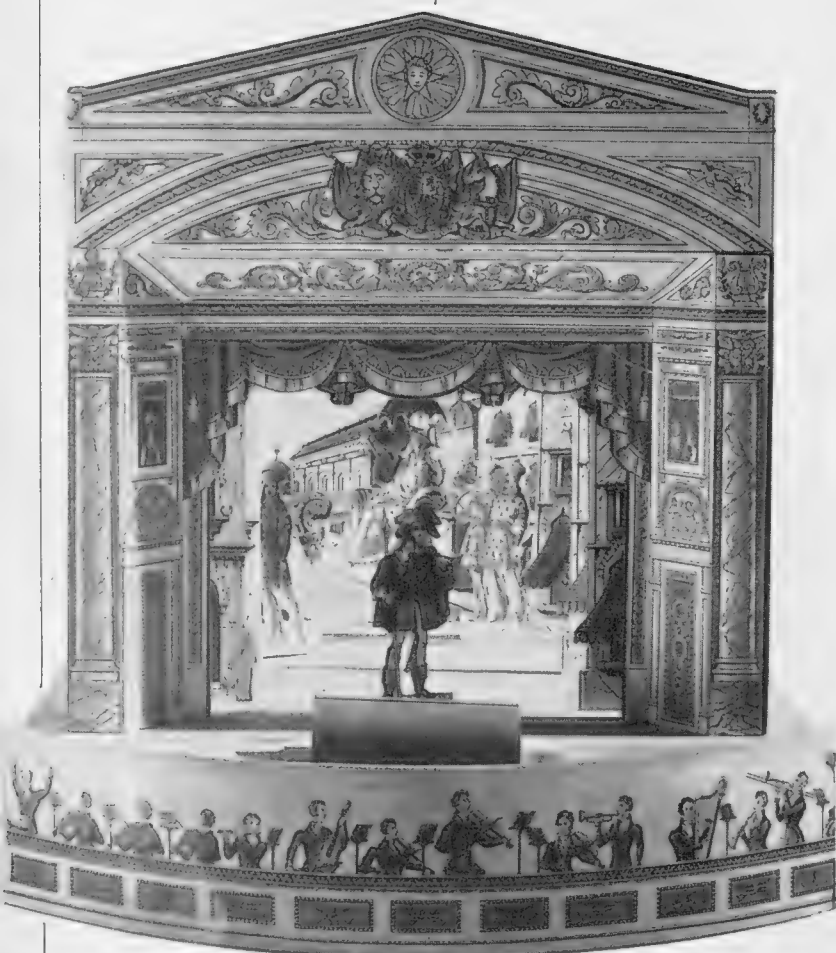


FROM LEFT: AQUAMARINE AND WHITE COTTON BIKINI PANTS, ABOUT 16s., FROM A SELECTION AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, WHITE PIQUE SUN HAT, 13s. 9d. AT HARRODS. BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED TOWELLING SHORTS AND SHIRT (ALSO IN OTHER COLOURS), SHORTS 32s. 6d., SHIRT 42s. 6d., FROM JAEGER, REGENT STREET. BLUE SUN HAT, 7s. 6d.

AT HARVEY NICHOLS. SCARLET AND WHITE GINGHAM SUNSUIT WITH ATTACHED PANTS, 28s. 6d. FROM A SELECTION AT HARVEY NICHOLS. WHITE SUN HAT, 9s. 6d. BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED COTTON OVERBLOUSE AND MATCHING BLUE BLOOMERS, 37s. 6d., FROM A SELECTION AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



HOLIDAY TOYS



For children of all ages a toy theatre by Pollock. This one, the old Regency Theatre, comes packed with scenery, characters for two plays and carpentry at 45s. Ready-coloured, setting-up is simple with the instructions. Plain sheets of various theatre fronts are available. Separate packets of plays with scenery and characters copied from original lithographs and texts altered for the modern child from 4s. 6d. Some scripts for cut-out characters are published by Penguin. Pollock Theatres are at 44 Monmouth Street, near Cambridge Circus where Pollock's Toy Museum also waits in ambush with dolls, games, theatres and magic lanterns of the early 19th century. And there are changing exhibitions—this holiday attraction is a display of costumes of Pearly Kings and Queens of London. Also traditional wooden Dutch dolls (dressed or not)—some are marionettes—can be bought.



Girls are specially catered for at Marshall's, 473 Oxford Street (opposite Selfridges). Mr. Marshall, whose father started the shop, likes to stock everything youngsters will find play-worthy; mechanical, musical, educational or just frivolous. Dolls are a speciality, and there is a concomitant collection of doll's house furniture. Here, a room setting in red and white. Stove, pots, pans: 4s. 6d.; sink unit and dresser: 3s. 11d. each; washing machine: 3s. 3d.; table: 1s. 11d.; chairs: 11d. each; vacuum cleaner, mop, broom: 3s. 3d.; toys range in age-appeal and price. A doll's hospital and general repair service available.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Water-borne holiday trips are easily arranged on London's river or canals. Short river cruises from Westminster cover the Tower, the Pool and Battersea Park in 45 minutes; Greenwich, Windsor, even farther afield, from two hours. Timetables, boat-hire details from Thames Passenger Services Federation, York Villa, Church Street, Twickenham. Tel.: POP 9041. Launches for private parties can be hired—with food and drink provided if necessary—from Waterman Caterers Ltd., Westminster Pier. Tel.: WHI 0858. Canal trips on the barge Jason start from Little Venice at the junction of Blomfield and Edgware Roads. Regent's Park, the Zoo, Camden Town locks are covered. Each trip takes about 1½ hours at 3s. 6d., children half price. Times: 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. Children interested in natural history and zoology can join the Zoo's children's club (11 to 18). Meetings, lectures, tours and a special magazine are available. For country visitors there is an exhibition of pet-care at the Children's Zoo and an incubator where chicks can be watched hatching. Check feeding times of various animals, always fun to watch.

Children can be taught to appreciate contemporary art from a series of auto-lithographs specially painted by well known artists. These are at the Colour Prints Gallery, Motcomb Street, once solely a print library, but now selling to the public. Their prints come in correct size and are refreshed with new editions. They also do framing. Children's prints cover a variety of subjects and fit into the standard Gallery frame (34s. 6d.). Prints can be bought at 13s. 5d. and 22s. 5d.



Start a boy's vacation with a visit to Gamages in Holborn. One department specializes in constructional kits, and not only for planes, boats, trains and tanks, but for skulls, invisible figures, animals and armour. Most are plastic, action models are wood. Here two finished aeroplanes. The Sunderland, 10s. 6d.; the Tiger Moth, 19s. 4d. Prices vary from about 1s. 6d. to 5 gns.; special paint for finished models available. The Magic Department offers a variety of ideas including books on parlour magic for readers from six years old upwards; ready-packed bags of jokes; all kinds of puzzles and tricks together with some entertaining masks as well. The Aquarium Department fascinates with its fish and plants for indoor tanks and outdoor pools. One goldfish costs from 1s. 3d. and there is a wide choice of freshwater and tropical fish. Plants from 8d. for aquariums; water lilies at about 6s. and oxygenating plants, 9d. for ponds. Plastic ponds, advice on plants available. An average sized aquarium costs 26s. 6d., plus a canopy (10s. 6d.)



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THE PRACTICAL APPROACH

Cool and crease-resistant oyster-white worsted shantung suit. It is slubbed with a darker fleck and the jacket is lined with printed cotton that is the twin of the sleeveless top. The skirt is apron-fronted. By Du Barry, also in other colours, at 16 gns. At Du Barry, Duke Street; Adile, Edinburgh; Maternal Pride, Kingston, Surrey



Shadowy green print cotton swimsuit. The full, straight-falling skirt conceals attached pants with a Helanca front. The bra is efficiently boned, the back is elasticized, the straps detachable. In colourful prints or black at Maternally Yours, New Cavendish Street, £4 17s. 6d.



Venetia Cordle, wife of John Cordle, M.P. for Bournemouth East & Christchurch, leads three lives: a country one with her three small children, visits to her husband's constituency, and a busy social life in London. She found the best bet was a tailored suit that took her through days in London and the constituency and yet was ideal for formal country occasions. But she admitted that the most comfortable thing to wear was a dress, or for gardening, slacks and a loose top. The Cordles visited America on a business-cum-holiday trip during one of her pregnancies, and there she swam and sunbathed whenever she could. She preferred a swimsuit with a short, full skirt, rather than the bloomer-type, which "made her look like a balloon"

DRAWINGS BY JILL HARRIS

Wild silk short evening dress that flares from two wide, flat bows on the shoulders. Made to order at 19 gns. by Motherhood, Baker Street. This shop has an excellent made-to-measure service for evening clothes, and a good selection of wild silks. You can choose from sketches, or they will concoct a special design to your liking



GUY GRAVETT

Mary Christie, wife of George Christie, the young director of Glyndebourne, has just had her first baby. She spends most of the summer at Glyndebourne, and the Festival and its preparations play a large part in her life. Evening dress was an unusually important section of her maternity wardrobe, and here she preferred plain material without fussy detail, finding a full theatre coat in a heavy, glamorous fabric, incredibly useful. During the day she wore dresses rather than two-pieces as they tended to "cut her up." She found the shape best for her was a slight trapeze, a straight line from the shoulder," as long as it was not too voluminous. One of her favourite day-time outfits was a sleeveless dress, under which she could wear a shirt



Slick-as-sunlight lime green dress that doesn't advertise your pregnancy before you have to. But the buttons on the half-belt can be moved to flare the dress into a slight trapeze. Pockets are hidden in the front seams. Also in grey, pale blue and beige, the dress is at Elegance Maternelle, Sloane Street and Thayer Street. 6 gns.



*Topsy Jane doesn't need a glass of champagne to give her sparkle. She bubbles over with candid enjoyment of life and even obligingly stepped into a fountain to have her picture taken. Posing equably on a fluffy rug (above) she tried a tables-turned act of sophistication. Starting out as a trained nanny, she turned to acting as a natural follow-up ("the child's game of let's pretend isn't far removed from the carbon copy life of the theatre"). Recently she played a bewitching Amanda in *Time Remembered* for B.B.C. Television*

GOOD LOOKS BY

Elizabeth Williamson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Barry Warner

Veronica Belloc-Lowndes (right) sparkles with a lively, catching, just-off-somewhere zing. Her patchwork background has taken in looking after a boutique in London, selling real estate on the Riviera, making hats and collages, and working as a vendeuse interpreter for a couture house in Paris. She is a Lancôme-girl—wears a golden gild of Mat Solaire on her skin, pinky-orange lipstick and a topping of Magie powder. She likes to be near the sophisticated, uncompromising flavour of Balenciaga's Quadrille, which suits her mood of carefree exuberance

THE Champagne GIRLS





Jocelyn Kilduff has the zippy sparkle that should characterize any champagne girls like Jocelyn wear their hair in a blowing swathe, tip-tilted at the ends. They dance till dawn on their breath when the rest of the world is eating bread and rush off to the next lunch party with sparkle intact. A season-ful of parties will leave Jocelyn at summer's end with a probable total of 80. She loves the pace, the fun of consoling herself with party-going and naturally she's mad for champagne.



Yvette Mimieux (above) fizzes like just-poured-out champagne. Her looks are of the same bubbling blend—pale blonde hair round a face with blue slanting eyes and a wide open smile. She wears make-up stunningly on the set but prefers to drop everything but eye make-up away from filming (a beauty ought to look uncontrived and as near natural as possible even under five layers of make-up). An enthusiastic, unfilm star interest in the arts has compelled her to see practically everything onstage in London. A Bertolt Brecht was tucked, characteristically, under her arm when the camera clicked on her quicksilver poses at Elstree amid the greenery of the studio greenhouses. She likes to be near the champagne sparkle of Dior's Diorissimo which she wears winter and summer. Under contract to M-G-M, she has just completed a remake of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, is currently engaged in *The Light in the Piazza*.

Maggie Smith (left) has the same elusive, star quality that marks both an actress and a good champagne. Her smile surprises with its lights-up flicker across a face trained to respond to audiences, lights and the heady climate of a theatre. At the Queens (where she is starring in Anouilli's *The Rehearsal*) her dressing-table is well stocked with Lancôme products—a giant bottle of Tonic Bleu, Nutrix, Frescabel, Bien Aise. Her red-gold hair was set in this fizzy style by Raphael.

VERDICTS



MARK EDMARK

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

The Kitchen. Royal Court Theatre.
(Wolf Parr, Mary Peach, Andreas
Malendrinis.)

Mr. Wesker's uncanny gift

MR. ARNOLD WESKER, STILL THE RISING HOPE OF THE AVANT-GARDE, can hardly complain that he is not taken seriously. Three of his plays have had the singular honour of being staged as a trilogy. Incomparably the best of them, *Roots*, revealed him as the spiritual descendant of the Manchester photographic realists who flourished briefly 50 years ago at Miss Horniman's historic Gaiety Theatre. So the avant-gardes of the generations kiss and commingle! The Royal Court has now with admirable piety revived the trilogy's first play—as though to say that the 'prentice work of an established dramatist, apart from its intrinsic interest, is likely to shed valuable light on his subsequent development.

That is just what *The Kitchen* does. It seats us among the sizzling ovens underneath a cheap popular restaurant and reports exactly what we should hear said by the multi-racial, multi-lingual cooks from the time they lazily light up the ovens in the morning till, sweating and swearing, they are swept into the midday rush-hour pandemonium with hot and bothered waitresses crazily screeching out their impatient customers' orders. Everything we hear is as realistic and as confused as though we were ourselves spending the evening in the kitchen. A German cook has given a Swiss cook a black eye the night before. Perhaps a married waitress with whom the German is having an affair is the cause of the young man's hysteria, but this is only one of a number of subjects of casual conversation, and since no one listens long to anything that is said to him and, more often than not, everyone talks at once and shouts whatever he wants to say, our interest in the scene is general rather than particular.

It may even be that after a while we have taken it in more or less completely and feel quite ready to move on elsewhere. For the truth is that these more or less tape-recorded impressions of how men talk while they work in a big kitchen do not bite on the mind. The author

Novel skills are required by the cast of *The Kitchen*. Mary Peach, as a waitress (below left) learnt to balance six plates at once. Below: Jean-Paul Belmondo & Jean Seberg in *Breathless*, a new French film



has added so little to them that they lack vividness. They badly need a story to lift them into stage significance.

The rise to the crazy screaming pandemonium of the rush-hour certainly breaks the monotony, but only in a rather mechanical way. Nobody involved in it has been sufficiently humanized for us to take much notice of their feelings. The critical point for the author comes as soon as the pandemonium has subsided into the peace of the afternoon break. He has then to decide whether belatedly to introduce a story or suddenly to turn photographic realism into something symbolic. Mistakenly, I think, he launches into symbolism. He tries to equate the restaurant kitchen with most of human life. Are not all these people trapped by the restaurant proprietor, the personification of materialism, on a treadmill that goes on working crazily and endlessly while they might be fulfilling their dreams in some quite other way and place?

But the characters are altogether unable to bear this abrupt translation into symbolism. The German cook, making himself the leading spirit, tries to get some of them to tell their dreams of a better life, but they make a poor fist of the business and the leading rebel himself, when challenged, cannot put his own dream into words. Something has to happen. The waitress he is in love with refuses to elope with him on the grounds that her husband is buying a house. This is an exhibition of materialism that cuts his frustrated aspirations to the quick. It needs only an accidental affront to his pathetic professional dignity to bring about a nervous collapse. He goes berserk with a meat chopper. Then curiously he has served his purpose as a symbol. The job of winding up the play's symbolism is taken over by the proprietor, presented till now as a very ordinary and quite tolerant supervisor of the kitchen. When he cries out that his restaurant has been stopped it is as though some god were beholding the end of a world that he had created. This is a grandiose effect that simply does not work.

The lesson to be drawn from Mr. Wesker's first play would seem to be that he is a natural realist who needs to find, as he found in *Roots*, a good story to tell and that his development would have suffered if he had let himself be led into supposing that an uncannily accurate ear for dialogue implied that his approach to drama ought to be poetic. Mr. Wolf Parr and Mr. Andreas Malendrinis lead a company which works well as a team.

ELSPETH
GRANT
ON
FILMS

The Hoodlum Priest. Director Irvin Kershner.

The Young Savages. Director John Frankenheimer.

Romanoff & Juliet. Director Peter Ustinov.

The Boy Who Stole A Million. Director Charles Crichton.

The Lovers Of Montparnasse. Director Jacques Becker.

Passport To The World. Director Victor Stoloff, with Peter Townsend.

Tough sledding for the Padre

MR. DON MURRAY IS THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD ACTOR TO BRANCH OUT into independent production—and I would rate him the most successful. With Mr. Walter Wood as his co-producer, Mr. Irvin Kershner as his director (first-class), and an excellent script by Messrs. Don Deer and Joseph Landon on a worthwhile subject, Mr. Murray has turned out a very fine film indeed in **The Hoodlum Priest**.

As Father Charles Dismas Clark, Mr. Murray gives the best performance we have yet seen from him. Father Clark is a real person—a Jesuit priest, now in his late 50s, who for the past 30 years has dedicated himself to the rehabilitation of ex-convicts in St. Louis, Missouri. The film shows his earlier struggles to persuade his fellow citizens, notoriously hard to convince ("If they're from Missouri, they gotta be *showen!*"), that unless ex-convicts are helped to lead normal lives on release they will return to crime and the penitentiary.

Statistics prove there are three million Americans in college, four million in the armed forces, and five million in prison—many of them for the second or third time. In the circumstances, one would expect Father Clark's activities to be encouraged. Instead they are regarded with suspicion—especially by an odious, muck-raking journalist (Mr. Morgan Ramsey) who contends that, since the priest habitually consorts with hoodlums, talks to them in their own language and clearly has no confidence, it is almost certainly complicity rather than compassion that explains his interest in them.

At the inquiry forced by the newspaperman, Father Clark stands up to his denigrators splendidly—and eventually both the Church and the (reluctant) D.A. give him permission to continue his work. The film is too honest to pretend that he is always successful in his efforts to help the "hoods"—indeed, one of his protégés, Mr. Keir Dullea, a young ex-convict whom he believed to have turned over a new leaf, is condemned to death on a capital charge.

The scenes of the boy's execution in the gas chamber are horrifying; they are not introduced for sensational effect—they are simply a painful part of a true story. The film is admirably unsentimental. It has pace and point—the clear-cut, intelligent direction sees to that—and I warmly recommend it.

Mr. Harold Hecht's flashily-directed film, **The Young Savages**, deals with juvenile gang-warfare in Harlem and has been given an "X" certificate—rightly, I think, as it might well encourage what it professes to deplore. Three young members of an Italian gang stab to death a blind Puerto Rican boy, are arrested and charged with murder.

The D.A. (Mr. Edward Cole) has a political interest in the case; he is, of course, running for governor—and hopes to ingratiate himself with the general public by getting all three youths sent to the electric chair. Mr. Burt Lancaster, as public prosecutor, is more concerned with discovering the truth behind the killing—and does so at the risk of his life. (There is a hideous scene in which Mr. Lancaster is gruesomely beaten-up by a bunch of young thugs aboard a subway train.)

At the trial it transpires that the blind boy was himself a gang leader (and a tout for his 16-year-old sister, a prostitute from the age of 14). It is also revealed that one of the accused is a psychiatric case, the second a mental defective and the third innocent of the actual stabbing—only too scared of his companions to say so. The film emphatically points out that the youth of the Harlem slums is in a terrible mess—but could make it seem, to the immature, rather an exciting mess, all the same.

Mr. Peter Ustinov wrote, produced, directed and stars in **Romanoff and Juliet**—the screen version of his entertaining play about the minute

republic of Concordia which, because it holds a casting vote in the United Nations, suddenly becomes of vital importance to the big powers. The American ambassador is bidden to offer the people of Concordia "a school, a library, last year's missiles—anything they want"; the Russian envoy is instructed to promise them "grain from the Ukraine—the Bolshoi Ballet."

Concordia's President (Mr. Ustinov) wants only to be left in peace. He manages to confound and silence the importunate rival ambassadors by marrying off the daughter of one to the son of the other; love and laughter, he claims, are more powerful weapons than the atom bomb. Mr. Ustinov's direction is regrettably slow; his little joke is pretty and witty enough—but too fragile to sustain a film that runs for 103 minutes.

Mr. George Brown's **The Boy Who Stole A Million** is an innocent and merry comedy about a small Spanish bank messenger (Master Maurice Reyna) who, to help his taxi-driver father (Senor Virgilio Texera), "borrows" a million pesetas from his employers—and thus becomes the quarry not only of the police but also of every grasping crook, beggar, organ-grinder and layabout in Valencia, the film's enchanting setting. The pursuit sequences, accompanied by delicious scurry-music, are endlessly thrilling and hilarious—I found it all tremendous fun.

The Lovers Of Montparnasse tells the tragic story of an artist (Modigliani) whose works only became fashionable after his death—from drugs, drink and despair. M. Gerard Philipe, as the artist, gives a profoundly moving performance.

It was Group Captain Peter Townsend's intention, declared in 1956, to journey round the world alone, meditating on this and that and the brotherhood of man. I do hope he didn't find it too disconcerting to have the film unit that produced **Passport To The World** tagging along. The film, which is riddled with clichés, contains so many close-ups of the Group Captain that I conclude he really didn't object all that much.

SIRIOL
HUGH-JONES
ON
BOOKS

A turn-up for Mr. Nehru

THOSE FAMOUS DAFFODIL JACKETS WITH SCARLET AND BLACK LETTERING, boldly designed so that he that runs may read—in short, those Gollancz jackets—always catch and occasionally stun the attention. The one on Monk Gibbon's **The Climate of Love** seems to me rather more joyously odd than usual; Mr. Gibbon, it announces, is the author of *Mount Ida*—"praised so warmly by Walter de la Mare, Edward Marsh and Jawaharlal Nehru"—at which one suddenly has an entrancing vision of some rather splendid tea-party with these three very distinguished gentlemen all agog about *Mount Ida* (Richard Church enjoyed it too, but he only makes the inside flap of the wrapper).

Nehru kept *Mount Ida* beside his bed, and I long to be kept in touch with news about his reactions to *The Climate of Love*. This is "the love-story of a man with three women"—the blurb again—though to tot it up to three you have to count the narrator's wife, who does indeed make a lightning bid for the reader's attention and then vanishes. The narrator is a middle-aged literary gentleman, mysteriously known to his intimate friends as Koschka, who entertains vaguely romantic feelings for a married woman who was once his childhood chum, and for her pretty and astonishingly dim Danish mother's help. His intentions towards them seem uncertain even to himself, and both ladies escape any sort of definite action, though the Danish beauty experiences a distinct emotional disturbance as a result of having been escorted round the Festival of Britain sideshows and to what seems

The Climate Of Love, by Monk Gibbon. (Gollancz, 18s.)

Wilfrid Seawen Blunt, by the Earl of Lytton. (Macdonald, 30s.)

The Etruscans, by Alain Hus; **The Cathedral Builders**, by Jean Gimpel; **The Alchemists**, by M. Caron & S. Hugin; **Walt Whitman**, by Gay Wilson Allan; **Cocteau**, by André Fraigneau. (Evergreen Books, 6s. each.)

like innumerable ballet performances, fully documented to a point that only just stops short of reproducing the actual programmes, ads, and all (this book, in fact—to adapt an unkind but brilliantly brief critique—tells me more about ballet than I care to know).

Love leads the narrator to read *Riders to the Sea* aloud in an Irish accent, to write poems of his own and to recall others by Yeats and Christina Rossetti. At one choreographic evening ("folk or semi-folk Spanish and Latin American" this time), there occurs this memorable snatch of conversation between the Danish girl's mother and the narrator—"I've been reading your book on Rousseau, which you gave to Kirsten." 'Rousseau—"that moist and wilful crocodile" as someone has called him.' " But alas, "there was no time to pursue the topic." The orchestra interrupts with "a strident medley of sound." Maybe the whole book is an ironic joke on the theme of the lingering self-deceptions of vain literary gentlemen; I'm not committing myself too far until I get Mr. Nehru's opinion.

On the jacket of the Earl of Lytton's **Wilfred Scawen Blunt**, a memoir of his grandfather, the poet and larger-than-life hero thunderously cavorts, in midnight beard and what I take to be Arab dress, upon his Arab stallion Pharaoh, in a riotously romantic painting by his devoted wife Lady Anne Blunt, who was Byron's granddaughter. This is a strange, touching, emotional and stormy book, written with what seems like great and painful sincerity, in an attempt to steady the reputation of a great, or at least greatly remarkable, man whose personality tore his family in two as far as the third generation after him. He loved many—among them Lady Emily Lutyens as a young girl, and the famous "Skittles," and through the whole book there boils and erupts the troubled, thundercloud personality of the tragic, disruptive and somehow pitiful Lady Wentworth, Blunt's daughter Judith and mother of the author, whom she refused to see for the last 30 years of her life. She lived with her Arab stud among the overgrowing creepers of Crabbet Park, a terrible and tormented Sleeping Beauty, and her long nervous face under a variety of vast lace hats flits in and out of the book like a spirit of discord.

This is anything but a peaceful book and is crammed with boiling family feuds and desperate letters, as far back as the old familiar controversy about Lady Byron (one of its peculiar charms being the way in which it makes Byron a near neighbour in time, like an image in a zoom-lens.) The author himself is clearly far from free of conflicting emotions about his turbulent mother and grandfather and the struggle between them, in which he was at one time the pivot. This is now fascinating history—yet at Kew there is still Sir Sydney Cockerell, Blunt's close and trusted friend, and a darling piece of history himself. The book is not one to miss, though it left me edgy and weak at the joints, like the after-effects of a high temperature.

Lastly, Evergreen Books have produced five more jaunty little Profile Books—**The Etruscans**, **The Cathedral Builders**, **The Alchemists**, **Walt Whitman** and **Cocteau**. Four of them are translations from the French, and the Englishing seems to me sometimes pretty wooden, laborious and literal, but for the amount of information, the gay and free format, and the absolute glut of illustrations one can feel nothing but the greatest good cheer.



Tubbs, by Tubby Hayes.
Jones The Jazz, by Dill Jones.
Jumpin' At The N.F.T., by Bruce Turner.
The Best Of Barber & Bilk.
Chris Barber's Blues Book—Vol. I.
Trad Party, by the Clyde Valley Stompers.

Local boy makes good music

NO DOUBT I AM AS GUILTY AS OTHERS WHO WRITE ABOUT JAZZ IN neglecting our local geni. To be honest, there are not many, and they make all too few records. The major companies are fully committed to a programme of American-made releases that leaves far too little scope for the local groups, unless they happen to be assured best-sellers. Tubby Hayes has suffered from this neglect, having long been one of our better exponents of the tenor saxophone, and already accepted as Britain's top vibraphonist. In his first album for Fontana, **Tubbs** (STFL562), he proves just what good use he can make of a showcase, backed by a quartet and by two different larger groups. Of course he is a swinger, as he proves in *Cherokee* and *The late one*, but he is also gifted with the lyrical touch that often escapes contemporary exponents. His versions of *Love walked in* and *Falling in love* are so outstanding that I can confidently say that I have not heard a better tenor record from any of the recognized stars for many months past. It shows his outstanding ability to create new and interesting jazz.

The Dixieland style still has its following, despite the overwhelming popularity of the New Orleans revivalists, whose groups dominate the current jazz scene. Dill Jones rounds up an oddly assorted group of All Stars for **Jones the Jazz** (33SX1336), and presides over them like the Welsh bard of jazz that he is. This Dixie session has its amusing moments, mainly dictated by Dill's persistent refusal to play anything but rather modern piano solos, which bait the other soloists into extravagant excursions in the same direction. With the exception of some robust trombone by Keith Christie the Dixie content of this album is unimportant, but it does allow Mr. Jones to display his Peterson-like approach to the piano, especially in Ellington's classic *Caravan*. The end-product is disappointing, but I would like to see him front a similar group playing his own free style of jazz.

There is something of an anomaly about the "Jump Band" which Bruce Turner leads. I tend to think of "jump" as a nebulous by-product of the post-swing era, almost a poor relation of rock 'n' roll rather than the jazz-based mainstream idiom which it in fact is. **Jumpin' at the N.F.T.** (77 LEU12-2) establishes that Bruce and his band were summoned to make music for a jazz film, which had its première at the National Film Theatre last month. I am happy to stick to my long-formed opinion that Bruce Turner is the best alto player in Britain today. He swings this band as no one else could, leading his immaculate front line through its paces with a consistency of style worthy of a leader of 20 years' standing instead of two.

Patrons of the "trad" scene will revel in **The Best of Barber and Bilk** (GGL0075), a revival of their best-known tracks recorded four years ago for Pye. A far more notable performance is **Chris Barber's Blues Book** (SCX3384), that provides a veritable chariot ride for singer Otilie Patterson. The combination of raw blues and a Belfast girl's voice is improbable, but Otilie has absorbed so much of the style of her husband Chris's band that she has now acquired her own distinctive diction.

The Clyde Valley Stompers, now voluntarily expatriated to London, are presented in a gay **Trad Party** (ACL1075), that I was surprised to find was recorded in 1956/7. Mary McGowan's vocals are less convincing than Miss Patterson's, but the group performs better than average.



CECIL BEATON

Cecil Beaton's book of diary extracts *The Wandering Years, 1922-1939* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 30s.), which presents the '20s & '30s from the viewpoint of a uniquely privileged observer, is published this week. The author is here seen, from the window of an adjoining room, playing with one of his dogs on the terrace of his house at Broadchalke, near Salisbury

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ROBERT
WRAIGHT
ON
GALLERIES

George Romney. Kenwood House,
Hampstead

Lady Hamilton's captive

IT IS, ASTONISHINGLY, MORE THAN 60 YEARS SINCE ROMNEY WAS LAST given a one-man show. During that time his reputation as an artist—whether judged by critical appraisal or by the prices collectors have paid for his works—has undergone the most dramatic changes. In the first quarter of the century American millionaires fought each other with hundred-thousand dollar bills for the privilege of owning his more ambitious portraits. And as late as 1927 10,000 guineas was a bargain price for a picture of Emma, Lady Hamilton, as a Bacchante. But in the 1930s these prices took a nosedive and after the war many first-class Romney half-length portraits must have changed hands for £500 or less. Today the figure for similar things is around the £2,500 mark.

In the twenties a responsible, if euphuistic, critic wrote: "George Romney is always associated with Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough whenever the 'Golden Age' of British painting is under survey; their three palettes are the most brilliant banners in the flagrant of the Painters of Britain. . . . Romney's work is clean cut, his colours transparent, his finish brilliant. He is equally good with forms, and drapery; and has the knack of fixing charming and characteristic expressions."

Yet a few years ago a much more distinguished critic, Mr. R. H. Wilenski, said that the same artist was "... a neurotic with a weak will, who clung to make the imaginative contribution which was actually made by Blake, took the line of least resistance and painted hack portraits all his life. Falling in love with Lady Hamilton he told the world that she was a graceful creature with wet red lips and lustrous hair and he painted her time and time again with pictorial effects stolen from Reynolds. . . . At other times he tried to imitate Blake and achieved nothing but purely rhetorical compositions."

It may seem remarkable that two such diverse criticisms could be made of one artist. But what is more remarkable is that both of them can be justified by reference to Romney's work. He certainly could be as good as Wilenski paints him, but he frequently managed to get at least one foot on the pedestal beside Gainsborough and Reynolds.

The whole course of his working life is covered by the exhibition, and several works stand out as landmarks from the rest. First comes a group of even rather stiffly-painted pictures done while he was still living in Ireland and including two that were prizes in the half-a-guinea-a-time lottery he held to raise funds for his journey to London in 1762. Then, suddenly, there appears a freely painted portrait of a young man, *James Gandy*, which, if the attribution to the Kendal period is correct, is a most extraordinary harbinger of things to come much later. The sober and sound works of his first 10 years in London are well represented, most notably by the two small canvases, *Miss Collingwood* and *Master Collingwood*, that reveal his talent for children's portraits.

From 1773 to 1775 Romney was in Italy. On his return he painted the beautiful *Mrs. Carwardine & child*, which has been lent to the exhibition by Lord Hillingdon. Based in design upon Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia* it is, I think, the most sensitive thing he ever did. Two or three years later, when he painted the large *Anne, Countess of Albemarle, & her son* he was at the peak of his powers. The picture, which is part of the permanent Iveagh Bequest collection, has been cleaned recently and is now revealed as a work of great charm and skill.

The artist's decline in the late 1790s is sadly attested to by a number of large and dreary canvases in which he tried to convince himself that he was not finished. The last of these, *Adam Walker & family*, was probably painted in 1796, three years before he returned, a physical and mental wreck, to Kendal—and the wife he had deserted nearly 40 years before.

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DINING IN

St. Antoine's obliging friend

Helen Burke

HERE WE ARE IN JULY, A MONTH WITHOUT AN "R" IN IT, AND I AM thinking of pork. Or, perhaps, it is bacon, green or smoked or pickled, which last can be delicious indeed. Fresh pork is pleasant but hardly warm-weather food, for no other reason except that it is very rich. Cold roast leg of pork is a lot more digestible. I do not know why.

In the original translation of his *Modern Culinary Art*, Henri-Paul Pellaprat, whom I am never tired of quoting, says this:

"All is good in the pork, from snout to end of tail and the art of the pork butcher, actually in its apogee, presents us in several and agreeable manners the friend of Saint Antoine."

For me, the prime piece of smoked bacon is the small back which, in a side, weighs round about 5 lb. As it is the ideal joint from which to cut rashers for bacon and eggs the retailer would prefer you to buy one of those other cuts, which he finds harder to sell. It is expensive, and rightly so. We have to pay for our extravagances. Gammon is also a wonderful cut, but not so easy to carve, and so I insist on the small back. Should, however, there be a particularly meaty piece of streaky bacon, I might choose it because there is no better flavoured piece, if only because it is perfectly evenly cured and smoked.

Buy a 2½ to 3-lb. piece of small back bacon, as lean as possible. The larger size will be the better. Soak it overnight in plenty of cold water. Wash and lightly brush it. Put it in a pot or casserole. Add a halved onion, 2 sliced carrots, a *bouquet garni*, a tablespoon of tarragon or cider vinegar and cold water to cover. Put on the lid and bring slowly to the boil. Reduce the heat, skim, then continue to simmer, covered, with the liquid hardly moving, allowing 25 minutes to the pound. Leave the bacon to cool in its stock for ½ hour and then remove the skin. It will come off clean, without damaging the texture of the

fat, if you do this: Make a short cut under the skin in one corner. Take hold of the skin with one hand and gently pull it off, using the four fingers of the other hand to raise the skin and urge it on its way.

With a sharp-pointed knife, make very shallow widish lattice lines over the surface of the fat. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dry mustard (4 tablespoons to 1 teaspoon) and lightly press the mixture into the fat. Insert a clove into the centre of each "diamond," sprinkle with a tablespoon of milk and place in the oven at 400 to 425 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 6 to 7 until the top has glazed. After 6 hours this will cut well but, better, leave the bacon for a day, when it can be carved into thin, economical slices.

Omitting the cloves, other garnishes are pickled peaches, or canned pineapple rings, or sliced unpeeled dessert apples, fried in butter, sprinkled with sugar and glazed under the grill. The drained and dried pineapple rings are sprinkled with Demerara crystals and glazed in the same way. Place a *glacé* cherry in the centre of each.

A corner of gammon, prepared in exactly the same way, is also good.

FILLET OF PORK is the kind of meat you have to seek out, because butchers, as a rule, do not separate it from the loin. There are, however, shops where you can buy these delicate and prime cuts because the people who make sausages and the like sell them separately. It is best roasted or fried, because braising or stewing hardens it.

Cut slices of the fillet about a third of an inch thick. They must be cut on the bias. Place them between sheets of greaseproof paper and, with a bottle or metal bat, if you are lucky enough to possess one, beat them out as thin as possible. The reason for cutting the fillet on the bias? Well, if the meat is cut across the grain, it will return to its shape and thickness in a short time after being beaten out.

Melt together an ounce or so of butter and a teaspoon of olive oil in a frying-pan. Dip the pork escalopes in seasoned flour and quickly fry them on both sides. Meanwhile, for 4 servings, have ready ¼ lb. of thinly sliced mushrooms. Lift out the pork slices to a heated dish. Add a little more butter to the frying-pan and cook the mushrooms in it for a minute. Add a tablespoon of dry white wine, boil hard for ½ minute, season to taste and pour the mushrooms around the pork.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

Making a start

G. S. Fletcher

THERE IS NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN GLOATING WHENEVER A suitable opportunity occurs, and I freely admit to having indulged this failing to the full this year with regard to my roses. To extract the utmost pleasure one should, I think, take each bush or group of bushes in turn, refusing to be enticed by others seen out of the corner of the eye. The time to do this is in the evening, when the sun makes dancing patterns of gold through the trees, like a painting by Monet.

Such occasions more than compensate for the hazards, setbacks and moments of depression inevitable even in such a delightful pursuit as rose growing. Fortunately, however, the snags to complete success can be reduced to a minimum if one takes the trouble to acquire the necessary knowledge. Rose growing in this country, happily, is not liable to such frustrations as overtook a relative of mine who, at some expense, established a rose garden in Africa, only to find that one evening he had entertained a detachment of white ants who devoured the lot overnight, leaving nothing but the stumps of the stock in the ground.

Acquiring the necessary experience seems rather overfacing to the beginner: the immense number of varieties of roses in each of many classes alone is alarming. Then there are the contradictory opinions and conflicting theories to be reckoned with. Only gradually does it all fall into place. It is, of course, best to obtain one's knowledge at somebody else's expense rather than by trial and error—there are many good rose books, old and new, to be obtained and excellent magazine articles of

practical value. It may be too much to hope that these Tatler articles will, like Abu Ben Adhem, lead the rest, but I can try to make them both efficient and stimulating. There are also good talks on the B.B.C. and all this should be supplemented by visits to other people's gardens.

One can get a lot of free information from nurserymen who are almost always ready to give up time to talk to sensible inquirers who might eventually become customers. For those starting from the beginning in rose growing there is no better way of spending the summer: it is quite useless to go through a few glossy catalogues and send in an order, led away by colour reproductions and attractive names. To do this is to forget that catalogues are prepared to sell roses—not to fit the precise conditions of one's own garden or to advise on those roses most suitable for the space available or to suit the period of one's house, and so on.

So, though much valuable information can and should be obtained from books, a really useful working knowledge must be acquired visually and by handling, just as the mysteries of pruning (which are not at all mysteries in reality but only the application of logic based on the habits of the rose) are best understood by being demonstrated. In these things, one simply must be *shown*, and the beginner should get an experienced gardener friend to give a private demonstration.

However, such considerations we can leave for the time being; what I propose to do in the next few articles is to discuss types of roses, old and new. All too many rose growers these days favour only the modern hybrid teas without giving the subject much thought but, while these roses are not without merit, there is a great deal to be said in favour of growing the roses of the Victorian and Edwardian periods, and of much earlier times for that matter. We can only do this gradually in these articles. Meanwhile, look carefully at other people's roses and ask questions, both pertinent and impertinent, about them.

MAN'S WORLD

Travelling light

David Morton

A TRAVEL AGENT TELLS ME THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE DECIDING WHERE TO go on holiday only at the last minute. This increasing habit of going somewhere on spec makes writing about holiday clothes a difficult proposition. Let's assume though that the majority will be going somewhere in Europe, probably to the shores of the Mediterranean. If anybody is going to Timbuktu or Tristan da Cunha I wish them joy and good weather.

A cardinal rule for choosing holiday clothes is that they should be as different as possible from what is worn during the rest of the year—a holiday is meant to be a change. They should be utterly comfortable, and it shouldn't matter terribly if they get sun-tan oil on them. Furthermore, they should be right for the place and wrong for everywhere else. When you get home, forget them; nothing is worse than people who look as if they've dropped into the Antelope by parachute from Tahiti Beach. And even if you've got a chauffeur-driven Bentley, travel light. Start with a toothbrush and work up from there.

Basic holiday kit, with evenings spent in a somnolent torpor rather than a night club: two or three pairs of light cotton trousers, plenty of cheerful shirts, an open-weave polo shirt, two pairs of swim shorts, a pullover, some espadrilles. Add or subtract, but it's a fairly basic recipe. I'm addicted to towelling beach robes—you may not be. You may like jeans—I don't. For whooping it up in the evenings a lightweight dinner suit may be necessary, or perhaps you'll want kit for golf—circumstances alter the situation.

London shops are full of clothes that set off a longing to get away to the sun. Earlier this year I wrote about Aquascutum's holiday shop where they will advise you on what to wear in any place you may mention, and what sort of weather to expect. This department is predictably popular; I liked the towelling shirts, with a single button at the neck, for £5 19s. 6d. They also have good cotton trousers with a hairline stripe—grey, beige or pale blue, £3 13s. 6d. Farther up Regent Street, Jaegers have attractive summer clothes; there is a combined polo-shirt and jersey, with long sleeves, 5½ gns. I like their beach shorts in white, blue or tan striped cotton, 59s. 6d.

Behind Jaegers there are several small shops that come into their own for holiday clothes. In Carnaby Street, His Clothes have some excellent mercerized cotton shirts from France for £4 10s., and well-cut mohair trousers for 6 gns., made to measure. Vince in Fouberts Place have sun-bleached denim shirts, blue, tan or charcoal which cost 43s. 6d., also a summerweight wool shirt, short sleeves, open neck, 75s. Vince, by the way, is the only shop I can find in London that stocks a rather pleasant after-shave called *Acqua di Selva*. And Aquascutum sell *Caribbean Extract of Limes* which is as refreshing as a daiquiri.

A straw hat is a cool idea, especially when you are just starting to tan. Simpsons in Piccadilly have the famous American Dobbs hats—a very light Belair panama type, with a pleated cotton band, costs £3. Simpsons have all sorts of things for holidays—the air travel gown in its own pack is a good idea, £7 19s. 6d., and it's here I get my towelling robes. If you're casino-minded, have a look at the DAKS dinner suit in lightweight hopsack, £27, in their Sunshop.

Airey & Wheeler at Tropicadilly have years of know-how. They know the cloths that will tailor well and only retain the creases the presser puts in the trousers. I like their two-piece suit in Kendal, a blend of 67 per cent Terylene and 33 per cent cotton. This forms a 6 oz. cloth which is extremely crease resistant, and it's washable, drip-dry and needs only minimal ironing. 15 gns. Their Dhobi shirts are useful and cool—Sanforised cotton with a two-way collar and two military patch pockets; long or short sleeves, £1 17s. 6d. and £1 12s. 6d. in a full range of colours or white. Airey & Wheeler can outfit you completely for the hottest parts of this world. *Bon voyage.*

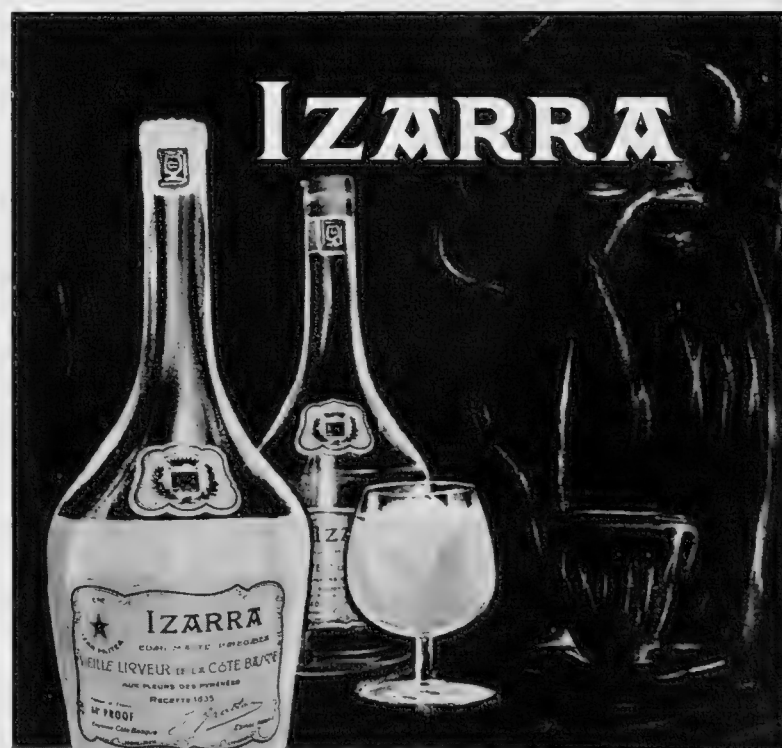
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Lacy—Gemmell: Susan Mary, daughter of Sir Maurice Lacy, Bt., of Orchard Hill House, Bideford, Devon, and of Mrs. Roger Heron, of Dalton Glen, By Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, was married to Michael John, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. George Gemmell, of Standish Park, Stonehouse, Glos, at St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.1

WEDDINGS



Stracey—Whitter. Yvonne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Stracey, of Carna, Nepeote Green, Findon, Sussex, was married to John William, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Whitter, of Clashmore House, Dornoch, Sutherland, at Findon parish church



SIDNEY TAYLOR

Edmunds—Crossman. Caroline Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, Great Staughton, Hunts, was married to Anthony David, son of Mr. D. P. Crossman, of Tetworth Hall, Beds, and of Mrs. M. F. Crossman, of Ashampstead, Berks, at St. Andrew's, Great Staughton

Miss Susan Cicely Nepean to Mr. James Martin Norman Aylmer Hall. She is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Evan Nepean, Bt., & Lady Nepean, of Greystones, Teffont, Salisbury. He is the son of Lt.-Col. J. Aylmer Hall, of Speargate Cottage, Dinton, Salisbury

FAYER

Miss Susanna Parselle to Mr. Gavin Alexander Yvone Kirkpatrick. She is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal & Mrs. T. A. B. Parselle, of Queen's Gap, R.A.F., High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Yvone Kirkpatrick, of Oaklands, Wimborne, Dorsetshire

YEVONDE

ENGAGEMENTS



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. J. G. F. Dawson and
Miss S. C. Davies**

The engagement is announced between James Grant Forbes, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dawson, of Haddington, East Lothian, and Susannah Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Davies, of Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire.

**Mr. D. J. Fairhurst and
Miss B. M. Leask**

The engagement is announced between Derek John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairhurst, of Bromley, Kent, and Brenda Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Leask, of West Wickham, Kent.

**Mr. A. Burton and
Miss G. Farish**

The engagement is announced between Alan, son of Mrs. Burton and the late Mr. T. Burton, of 28 Seedfield Road, Bury, and Gillian, third daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Farish, of The Brooklands, Heywood.

**Capt. F. F. Harding and
Miss P. A. Gibson**

The engagement is announced between Capt. Francis Frederic Harding, The Sherwood Foresters, son of the late Rev. F. H. Harding, M.A., and Mrs. W. B. Honeywell, of Briar Cottage, Holmescroft Road, Beltinge, Herne Bay, Kent, and Patricia Ann, younger daughter of the late Capt. J. H. Gibson and Mrs. R. K. Gibson, of 57 Mickleburgh Hill, Herne Bay, Kent.

**Mr. H. J. Greenfield and
Miss J. M. Lloyd**

The engagement is announced between Henry Julian, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Greenfield, of Tunbridge Wells, and Joanna Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lloyd, of Pilgrims' House, Knockholt, Kent.

**Mr. B. R. Jones and
Miss G. M. Laurence**

The engagement is announced between Mr. Barrington Redvers Jones, M.R.C.V.S., son of the late Mr. Victor Jones and Mrs. A. Jones, of Fairbanks, River View Road, Pangbourne, Berks., and Gillian Mary, elder daughter of Mr. R. C. Laurence, O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Laurence, of Brantwood, Nessfield Road, Ilkley, Yorks.

**The Rev. W. Johnstone and
Miss E. M. Ward**

The engagement is announced between William, son of the Rev. and Mrs. T. K. Johnstone, Ashburn, New Galloway, Kirkeudbrightshire, and Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ward, 67 Stanhill Lane, Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire.

**Mr. G. J. G. Philbrick and
Miss B. J. Faithfull**

The engagement is announced between George James Gilles, son of Colonel G. E. H. Philbrick, of Church Stretton, and Mrs. P. G. Hatch, of Farnham, and Barbara Jane, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. N. C. Faithfull, of The Old Rectory, Church Eaton, Stafford, formerly of Churchmoor Hall, Church Stretton.

**Mr. R. B. C. Wagg and
Miss J. B. R. James**

The engagement is announced between Barry, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wagg, of Salisbury, Wilts., and Joceline, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. J. James, of Sanderstead, Surrey.

**Mr. P. E. J. McKeever and
Miss E. A. Chance**

The engagement is announced between Peter Eyre John, son of the late Mr. J. H. McKeever, Readsland, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath, and Mrs. A. D. H. Cooke, Glebelands, Ratoath, Co. Meath, and Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Chance, Kingswood House, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin.

**Mr. R. H. Merton and
Miss T. L. Townsend**

The engagement is announced between Richard Henry, son of Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Merton, D.S.O., Royal Artillery (retd.), and Mrs. Merton, of Pitt Farm, Whitestone, Exeter, Devon, and Tarn Lois, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Townsend, The Durham Light Infantry (retd.), and Mrs. Townsend, of Brooke House, Ipplepen, South Devon.

**Mr. A. V. Muskett and
Miss A. Gibson**

The engagement is announced between Arthur Vernon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Muskett, Farthings, Much Hadham, and Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gibson, of Gulmarg, Much Hadham, Herts.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, July 12, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © 1961 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



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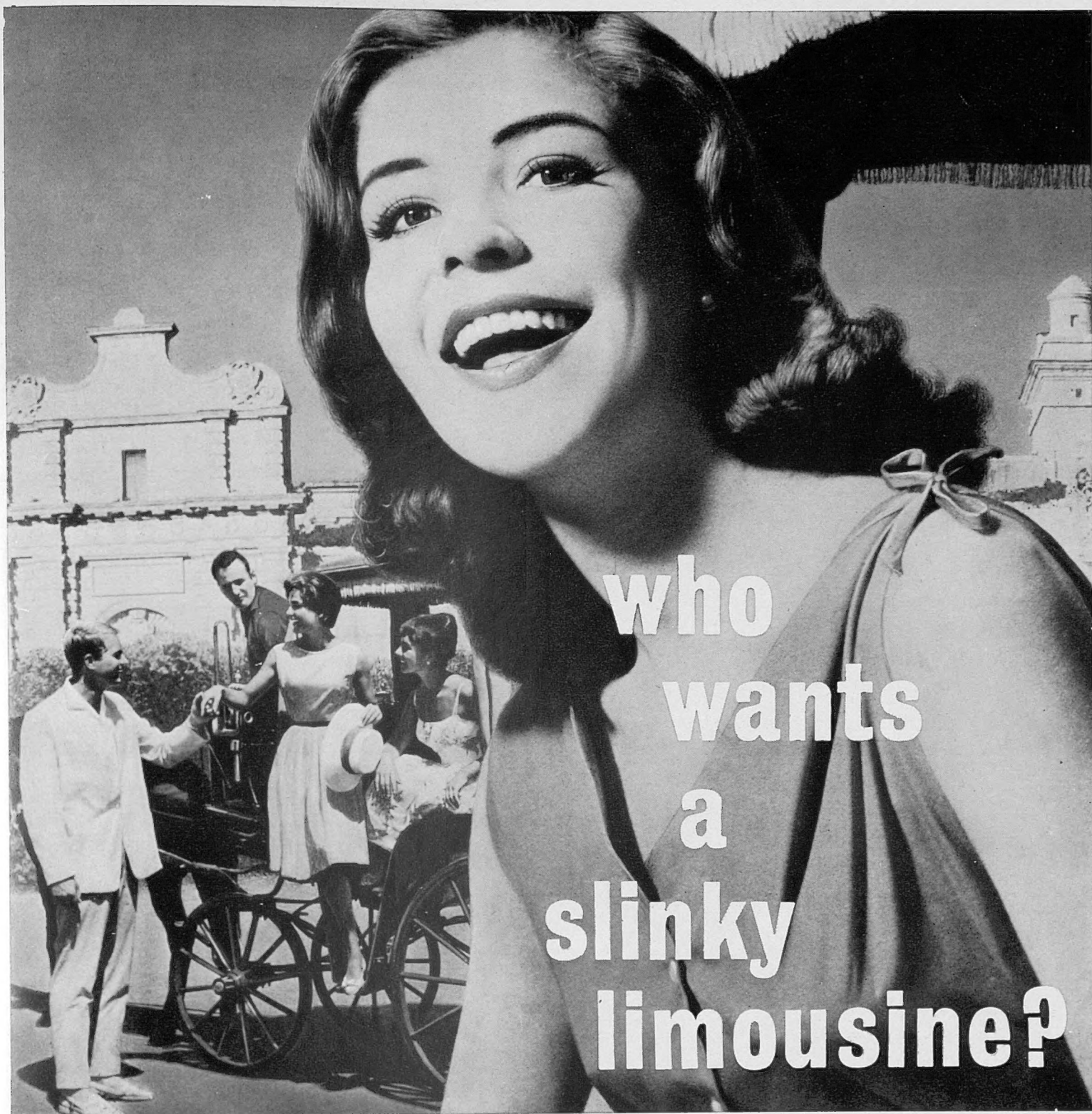
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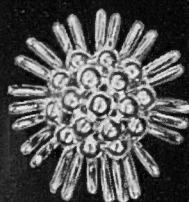
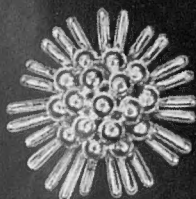
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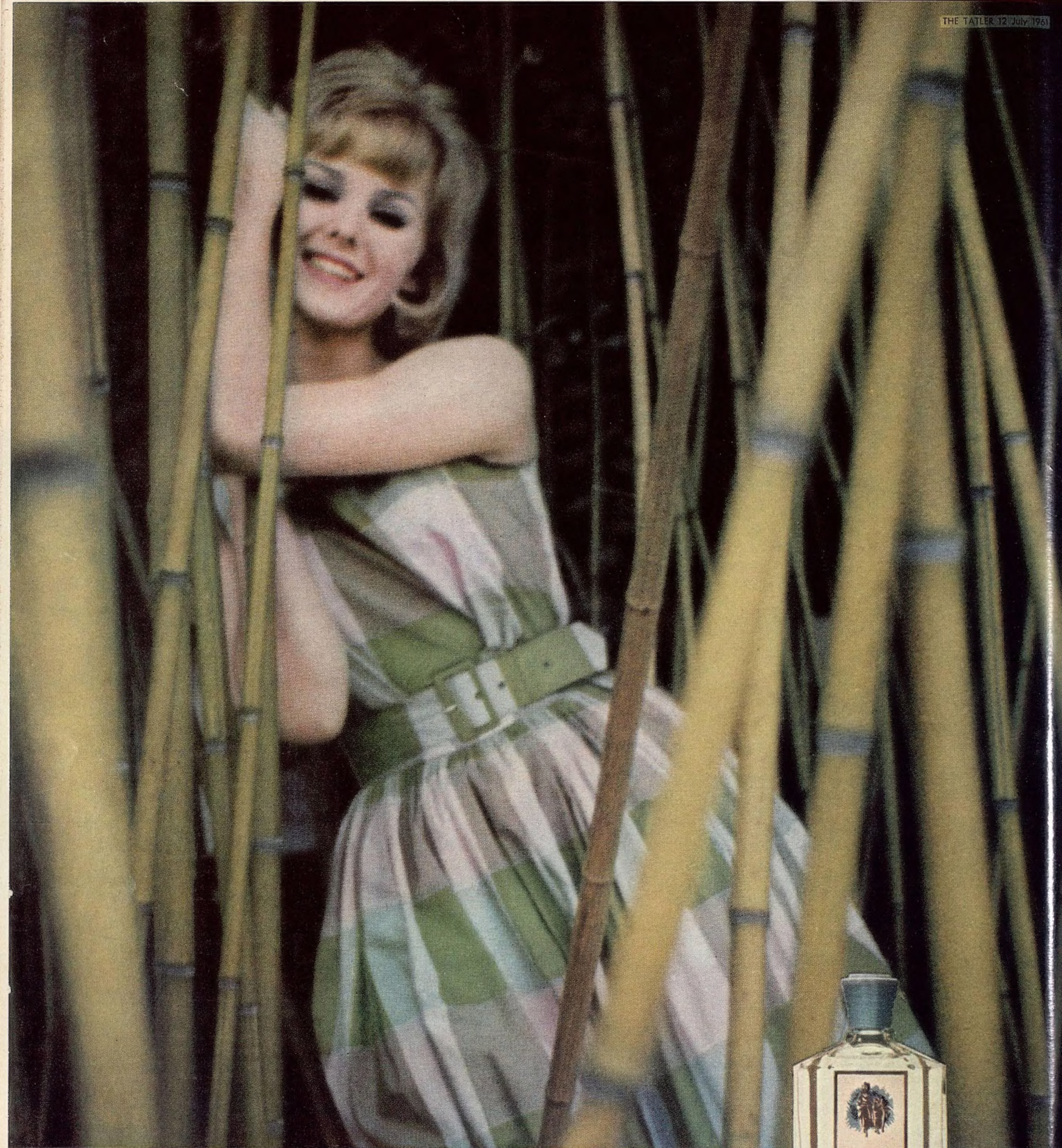
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